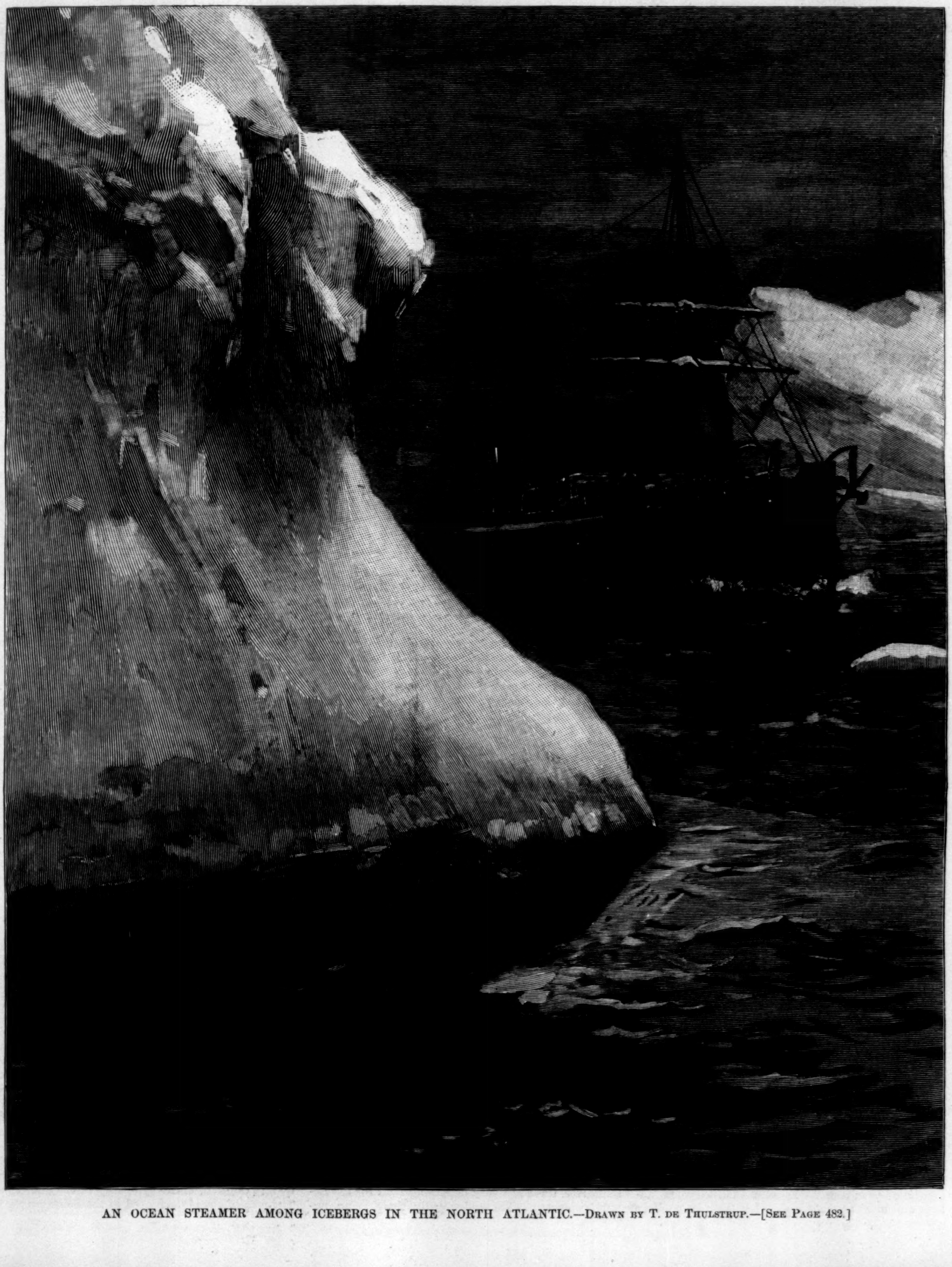
HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXXIV.—No. 1748.

Copyright, 1890, by Harper & Brothers. All Rights Reserved.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JUNE 21, 1890.

TEN CENTS A COPY, INCLUDING SUPPLEMENT.



AN OCEAN STEAMER AMONG ICEBERGS IN THE NORTH ATLANTIC.—Drawn by T. de Thulstrup.—[See Page 482.]

ALPHONSE DAUDET'S
Humorous Novel,
"PORT TARASCON."

HENRY JAMES's translation of "Port Tarascon: the Last Adventures of the Illustrious Tartarin," richly illustrated by celebrated French artists, is now running in serial form exclusively in HARPER'S MAGAZINE, and in advance of book publication. A novel by DAUDET has never before been first published outside of France.

One of the most noteworthy of recent magazine achievements comes from the happy idea of the editor of HARPER'S MONTHLY *in obtaining a new "Tartarin" story from* ALPHONSE DAUDET. *"Port Tarascon" was written solely for* "HARPER'S," *and is illustrated by* ROSSI, MYRBACH, *and other originators of the style of illustration which is so capitally exemplified in the earlier Tartarin stories. This last chapter of the adventures of the illustrious Tarasconian relates his exodus at the head of his people to plant a colony, and is inimitable in its humor.*—CHRISTIAN UNION, N. Y.

The first instalment appeared in the June number.

Subscribe now to HARPER'S MAGAZINE. $4 a year, postage free.

Published by HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Booksellers and Postmasters usually receive Subscriptions. Subscriptions sent direct to the Publishers should be accompanied by Post-office Money-order or Draft. When no time is specified, Subscriptions will begin with the current number. Postage free to all subscribers in the United States, Canada, and Mexico.

No. 1748.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

WITH COVER, AND

SUPPLEMENT CONTAINING AN ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ON "ATHLETICS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK."

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

ON A RECENT INCIDENT.

THE laws concerning freedom of speech and of the press in this country leave complete liberty to the speaker and writer outside the line of libel, indecency, or, in some quarters, blasphemy. The rest is left to the good sense and good taste of the citizen. There is no law which prevents any number of citizens assembled for any purpose, religious, political, literary, or whatever else, from objecting to a fellow-citizen's clothes or manners, his food or his drink. It is only a question of propriety and manners upon their part, and also of the golden rule. If the Stock Board or the Board of Education pass a resolution lamenting that Senator EVARTS does not discard his old hat and buy a new one, or declaring that in their judgment the hour has now arrived when Governor HILL should procure a wig, and that official propriety plainly demands that it should be of a sober hue and of a modest price, there is no law prohibiting such action. But the gentlemen who thought fit to publish such declarations would be universally regarded as exceedingly impertinent, and would hear very "plain language" from an independent press.

Distinguished orators have justified personal vituperation as a permissible method of vivid illustration. In the days of the antislavery controversy, when public men were held up to personal contumely and scorn, the orators said that while general condemnation of fugitive slave-hunting, for instance, might command listless assent, the indignant rebuke of the individual slave-hunter by name startled and aroused the community, and shamed the culprit into an abandonment of his evil ways. It was in effect, they said, simply an application of the *ad hominem* sermon—"thou art the man." If it was good in the old prophet, it could not be bad in the modern reformer, and consequently the sinners, as the abolitionists believed the pro-slavery men to be, received no quarter. The orators who did not spare invective alleged that it was not a question of caste or manners, but of human rights, and that if a Senator or a President held slaves he ought to be exposed by name to universal execration as a man who trafficked in human flesh and made merchandise of men and women.

The same argument is urged to cover other cases which are held to involve a similar principle. Tea and coffee are declared by much excellent authority to be injurious to the human system. Tobacco is a poison, as that *arbiter elegantiarum* JAMES the First insisted, and its use is a filthy and disgusting habit. Now if people choose to indulge injurious practices instead of observing noble self-denial, they are sinners and must be dealt with. Let them be publicly censured. Rebuke loves a shining mark. There, for instance, is the President of the United States. If that conspicuous citizen actually takes poisonous coffee at breakfast and poisonous tea in the evening, and solaces his repose with a poisonous cigar, shall we permit his example to contaminate the commonwealth, and insidiously promote the poisoning of the state? Is it not our duty, who prefer raspberry vinegar to coffee, and doughnuts and slack-backed bread to tobacco, by public manifesto solemnly to reprehend him, and admonish him in his evil course? Of course we must expect similar treatment. If some assembly of our fellow-citizens thinks us too careless of bodily exercise, we must not be surprised if they resolve at some length that we neglect the laws of health, and are guilty of bathing in tepid water, and that wisdom and virtue and public decency invoke us to go to the ant as sluggards, and plunge into a cold bath. Of a general freedom of speech like this it might be said, as of Shylock's pound of flesh at Venice, the "law allows it and the court awards it." But if every person and every assembly of citizens should permit themselves publicly and reprovingly to comment upon the dress and manners, the food and drink, of other citizens, the peaceful commonwealth in which at present we are not held accountable to our neighbors for our eating and drinking would very soon resolve into "a circus."

PUBLIC ACCOUNTING FOR ELECTION EXPENSES.

WE are sorry to see that the Massachusetts Senate has defeated the bill providing for the publication of political campaign expenses. There was no partisanship in the large vote which carried the bill in the House, nor in the support of it by the press. But in the Senate only three Republican votes were recorded for the bill. This is an unfortunate defeat, because the most important public question of the moment is that of public corruption, and the measures which command most general and profound public interest are those that aim to deal with it. The deep and universal interest in electoral reform, or the Australian ballot system, springs from the belief that it is a simple and practicable method of diminishing corruption and securing an honest vote. Devoted as we are in this country to party, and unwilling to break with "regularity," even to prevent a serious mischief, there is yet among honest men of all parties a desire to arrest the flagrant corruption which is not only the immediate peril of our politics, but which becomes even more startling when a Senator of the United States tells us that honesty is out of place in politics. It is curious that a Republican Senator, by declaring that morality has nothing to do with politics, should have done his part to justify the old sneer at the party as a party of moral ideas.

One of the most effective methods of arresting and baffling corruption is the publication of the details of campaign expenses. In New York the law applies to candidates, but Governor HILL very properly proposed to extend it to committees, which is the vital provision, because the larger part of the money is expended by committees. When Mr. WANAMAKER raised an enormous sum and paid it to Mr. QUAY, he is said to have remarked that he knew his friend Mr. QUAY would dispose of it properly. Very well, let the law require Mr. QUAY to justify this noble confidence by a publication of the details. Mr. DUDLEY, too, is no doubt equally sure that every dollar was honestly used for legitimate purposes in Indiana. Therefore let the law vindicate Mr. DUDLEY by demanding to know the actual prices of voters in blocks of five. Thousands, even millions of dollars are raised for campaign expenses. If they are honestly paid, there can be no good reason that the accounts should not be published. In 1884 the independent campaign committee in New York received and spent a large sum of money, and after the election it published a detailed itemized statement of the way in which it was spent. Is not every honest Republican or Democrat not only willing, but desirous, that his party committee should do likewise?

Undoubtedly he is. The large favorable vote of the Massachusetts House without regard to party, shows the real feeling of the people. The trouble is that the people are really controlled by politicians, who wish to spend money at elections without accounting for it. Does any intelligent man suppose that Mr. QUAY desires to publish a truthful and intelligible statement of the amount and object of the expenses of a campaign which he conducts? But he is the Chairman of the Republican National Committee. Does anybody suppose that Senator INGALLS, who thinks that talk about corrupt politics is wearisome cant, wishes to see the exact cost of a floater blazoned to the country after an election? But Senator INGALLS is elected by the Republican Senate as its President. Unless regard for honest politics has died out of the public mind, and unless parties are not to be estimated by the actions and words of their chosen representatives, these are very damaging facts for the Republican party. Yet undoubtedly there is an immense body of the party which earnestly desires to expose and arrest campaign corruption. It seems as if the Republican members of the Massachusetts Senate, by defeating a bill for so excellent a purpose, has not benefited their party. And it seems also as if the Republicans who do not despise the decalogue even in voting could do their party no greater service than making it the agency to secure honest elections by such means as a public accounting for campaign expenses and similar measures.

ENLARGING THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

THE New York City Consolidation Commission, of which Mr. ANDREW H. GREEN is chairman, and which is to report to the Legislature upon the question of combining the various adjacent communities around the Bay of New York into one great municipality, is engaged in a very important work. It is a question, however, upon which there is as yet no public opinion. The subject practically is wholly new, and the proposition necessarily shocks and disturbs traditions. But in forming an opinion the experience of other places will be found very serviceable. Boston, for instance, within the last few years has absorbed many of the adjoining towns and villages, which, however, for that reason are not thought to have lost any essential advantage. The towns and villages which have been annexed or consolidated would not probably now vote to return to their former situation. When neighboring towns by a natural extension at last blend and become one, three or four distinct local governments for what is then practically one community may easily be complicated and inconvenient.

This inconvenience is illustrated in a village whose charter permits a division of the common care of the community by wards, which, of course, actually prevents a common care. Thus there is a village in which the line of two adjoining wards runs along the middle of a street or road. If the road needs mending and the trustee of one of the two wards has expended what is called his share of the road money, although there may be unexpended money enough in the hands of the other trustee, the road will not be mended, and the common interest of the village suffers. Two towns or settlements extending toward each other and finally merging are like such wards in a village, and the community which thus becomes one may suffer in the same manner. The various communities around the Bay of New York, many of which practically blend, are divided among two States, four cities, and six counties. When any of them are united by bridges they are substantially one, and if in the same State they will endeavor to devise some method of uniting their local governments.

This is the situation of the shores of the Bay of New York. The shores immediately adjacent to the city have become parts of it, and a united municipal administration is a natural proposition. The extent of its jurisdiction, however, and the details of its organization would be questions not easy of settlement, and the settlement, to be satisfactory, must be the work of citizens of the highest character and ability. It would not follow, for instance, because the union of certain parts is desirable that the union of the whole settlement around the bay would be so. As there would have been no reason in such a proposition while all the communities in question were separate, there is none while any of them are so. It is, in fact, a subject of extreme delicacy and difficulty, and as yet its merits and scope are not by any means completely disclosed. Such a change must be shown to be respectful of really valuable traditions, and to be attainable with entire regard for all just rights. It will be largely a calculation of actual statistics and a collection of the results of similar experience elsewhere. The public convenience and advantage must be demonstrated, but in the demonstration local feeling and tradition must be regarded not as sentimental, but as substantial elements.

THE MOHONK CONFERENCE.

THE recent Mohonk Conference of friends of the colored race was a very interesting and suggestive meeting. Its object was evidently to gather authentic information of the industrial and social condition of the negro, and to compare views as to wise measures for improving it. There were eminent citizens present whose opinions upon the subject are of great weight and value, and the general conclusions of the conference, as stated in a formal declaration or platform, deserve careful attention. The spirit of the assembly was altogether admirable. Friendly, considerate, thoughtful, the proceedings aimed evidently at no other than a common purpose, and assumed the existence of no necessary or invincible local feeling or hostility. It would have been pleasant to see more delegates from the great centres of the colored population, and they need not have been held back by any doubt of entire sympathy in the conference. The results already achieved in the Southern States,

and "the noble work" of education in those States, were fully and warmly recognized.

Besides this friendly and wise spirit, the most notable fact of the conference was the apparent absence of any conviction that the demand of the situation is political. Probably much the larger part of the assembly was of Republican sympathy in politics. But there was no suggestion that the thing most to be desired is something else than industry, education, thrift, and morality. While the Republican majority in Congress is devising a national election bill, it was not mentioned by the conference as essential or even desirable for the great end of securing the intelligent self-respect and progress of the colored citizen. While every member of the conference would unquestionably approve every honorable means of securing equal rights of every kind for all citizens, white or colored, we presume that the larger part would hold that, under existing circumstances, those equal rights cannot best be secured by action which aims at a political majority in Congress rather than at industrial and moral welfare. In a recent interview in the *World* Mr. HENRY CABOT LODGE is stated to have said that a national election law will be soon passed by Congress, and that "with such a bill we shall have fair elections in the South and all over the country, and with fair elections we will continue to hold a majority in Congress."

The Mohonk Conference holds that the negro in this country will generally remain where he is, that no other race ever made such industrial progress in twenty-five years, that there is already an encouraging number of land-owners, and that the welfare of the country requires that the negro should live in relations of good-will and mutual confidence with his white neighbors and fellow-citizens. While very much has been done for education, the common school should be made more effective, and the opportunity of higher education opened more fully to ability. "In a thoroughly Christian education is our hope for this race, as for all races." For the attainment of these ends the conference looks to the enlightened Christian sentiment of all parts of the country. "To the unselfish service of helping the negro to help himself in education, in morality, in religion, and thus in civilization and in fitness for citizenship, we fraternally invite all our fellow-citizens." Probably the conference thought that in this way hostility to the negro vote would disappear more certainly and swiftly than in any other. Certainly the motive is better than that of securing a party majority in Congress. The view of the conference does not mean deliberate submission to any acknowledged and obvious wrong, but it means a different spirit and method in securing a right. The colored citizen, under the Constitution, is the equal of the white citizen. But if any of his rights, or many of them, are practically nullified, a law of Congress will not necessarily provide relief.

BISMARCK AND THE EMPEROR.

It was impossible that the most conspicuous and powerful living political figure should suddenly withdraw from participation in public affairs and that simultaneously all interest in his words should cease. BISMARCK left office, but he became the one private man in Europe whose opinion would be desired and heeded. His will, indeed, can be enforced no longer, but his word will greatly influence the opinion of his country. The new Emperor makes as yet no very definite impression beyond that of a man resolved to rely upon himself, and apparently determined not to be controlled by BISMARCK.

The new Chancellor, CAPRIVI, speaks with careful and probably sincere courtesy of his predecessor, admitting that his retirement has made the transaction of business difficult, and the situation of affairs less secure. The tone of the new Chancellor is wary, and shows great good sense. Let us understand each other in a friendly way, he says to the Reichstag, and wait a little. In a year we shall be ready for what may come. In the mean time I face affairs with some anxiety.

There is politic candor in such a statement. The confidence of the country which BISMARCK had earned cannot be transferred easily to an Emperor young and little known and suspected of wilfulness; still less easily can this be done when the young Emperor seems to cut aloof from the immediate traditions of the imperial greatness. The intimation that he proposed to silence BISMARCK was alarming, and the reason assigned not less so, for it was really an impeachment of the ex-Chancellor's patriotism. But such an impeachment would not be tolerated. BISMARCK may be disappointed or even indignant with the Emperor, but he is not likely to discredit his own work and destroy his own fame.

THE SOCIETY OF THE ARMY OF THE POTOMAC.

The Society of the Army of the Potomac holds its annual assembly this year at Portland, in Maine, when General FRANCIS A. WALKER will deliver the oration, and ex-Postmaster-General HORATIO KING, of Washington, the poem. There is no more respected or representative organization of Union veterans than this society, and no military meetings command more general interest and attention. There is no fear that the literary performances of this year will not be worthy of the society and the occasion, or of the anniversary of Gettysburg on which the meeting is always held.

The society wisely avoids politics, and the proceedings hitherto, so far as we have known them, have been neither sectional nor partisan, but always of the highest and purest tone of patriotism. There is, of course, no unmanly evasion of the fact that the Army of the Potomac stood for a great cause and won a historic victory. This avoidance of politics is in every way admirable. Political partisanship would discredit it. But there is a question upon which the expression of the sentiment of such a body would be most serviceable. It is a public question, but not in its nature political, although circumstances might be thought by wise leaders of the society to have given to it a partisan character.

There is no body of Union veterans from which a clear and comprehensive statement in regard to the just limits of a pension law would be received with more interest as an authoritative declaration than from the society of the Army of the Potomac. To know the spirit and view of that society upon the subject would be of the highest benefit. If it favored, for instance, a service pension, not as relief from the consequences of service, but as a reward for enlistment, it would be fair to assume that such is the general view of all survivors of the war. If, on the other hand, the surviving Army of the Potomac took the view which we confess seems to us more consonant with American character and patriotism, the friends of that view would be greatly strengthened. Under the circumstances, perhaps, such an expression can be hardly anticipated. The society certainly could not be reproached for its silence. But this time speech would be golden.

MR. PLATT AND THE SENATE.

The discipline of party will be exposed to a severe test and strain in the acknowledged Senatorial candidacy of Mr. PLATT. He was elected in 1881 by the power of the machine. Nobody thinks that he became Senator because of recognized or proved public ability, or service of any kind, or of any conceded or known fitness for the office. There was no more reason for his selection than for that of any other active party politician who was unscrupulously clever in managing caucuses and doing the work of a boss. The master of the machine thought him a useful machine agent, and for such reasons, and for no other reasons, Mr. PLATT was made Senator.

During the few weeks of his official service before his resignation, during his struggle at Albany to get back to Washington again, and during the nine years which have since elapsed, if he has proved his possession of the qualities and powers which fit a man for the Senate, if he is known in this State or in any part of the Union except as an adroit, incessant, and clever party politician, but in no sense whatever an accepted personal representative or an able and conspicuous advocate of the higher party principles, character, and traditions, the fact is not familiar.

Everybody knows that he would not depend for success in a Senatorial contest upon public regard for his public services, upon confidence in his public character, or upon admiration for his public abilities, but wholly upon bargains, intrigues, and wire-pulling. No sense of State pride or party enthusiasm, no anticipation of the display of powers in the Senate worthy of that great arena of great debates, no feeling that the standards of public character would be raised, that generous reforms would find in him a champion, and that his party would be morally strengthened, would be gratified by his election. It would be a signal triumph of a party machine, and a striking illustration of the political situation.

THE LATEST ROYAL FARCE.

Our republic had always one fundamental advantage over every other, that we had no pretenders. There were no American Prince CHARLIES or doubtful Dauphins. Royal traditions were remote, and they had had no royal representatives in this country. WASHINGTON put aside the crown, and a royalistic reaction or movement was impossible from the first. But France has had various forms of the pretender since the Revolution. He has been growing constantly thinner and more futile, however, until his last appearance ends in an amused indifference, which shows that he is no longer regarded seriously.

The late performance of the young Duc d'Orleans was really worthy of the comic opera. He came, he said, to serve France as a soldier in the ranks. France at the moment was not at war, and the Prince had been told that he was not wanted. The law was quietly enforced, therefore, and he was placed comfortably in prison. After a few weeks, the law having been vindicated long enough to show that the Duke was not of the slightest importance, the President pardoned him, and he was quietly sent out of the country. The Governor of the prison paid his guest the prettiest compliments as he opened the door: "I am very sorry to lose so amiable a companion in captivity, for I too have been your prisoner." It was neatly turned, and showed the harmlessness of his guest, who offered the Governor a scarf-pin as a souvenir.

Upon leaving the country, the Duke, who is apparently a truly *bouffe* personage, issued the inevitable manifesto to his "dear comrades" of the conscription. Pardon, he says, restores to him the sorrows of exile. But nothing can destroy his ardent hope of serving the country. "Keep for me the place which I desired in the ranks, in your midst, near the flag, and I will come and occupy it. Yours for God and for France." And so he goes over the frontier, and some friendly hand, let us hope, waves an adieu, and the orchestra strikes up "Partant pour la Syrie," and the worthy *père de famille* smiles and resumes his evening paper.

PERSONAL.

The people of Marion, Massachusetts, who have come to regard Ex-President CLEVELAND and his charming wife as a part of their summer belongings, are happy over the arrival of their distinguished guests. A reporter chronicles the fact that on the first Sunday after their coming the CLEVELANDS attended the Congregational Church, and joined in the singing. Then they walked home to their cottage on the bluff, a quarter of a mile away, and after lunch the towns-people and summer visitors called to pay their respects; the local postmaster, who must be a "spared monument," doing the honors.

—The greatest man of letters now living in Scotland is probably DAVID MASSON, Professor of Rhetoric and English Literature in Edinburgh University. He is best known by his *Life of John Milton and the History of His Time*, although he is the author of a number of other works that have brought him fame. Professor MASSON was acquainted with DOUGLAS JERROLD, DICKENS, THACKERAY, and CARLYLE, and is said to resemble the last-named in personal appearance. He is an effective lecturer and orator, and has made himself prominent as an advocate of woman's right to higher education and participation in the learned professions. Although sixty-eight years old, he is full of fire and vigor.

—Miss DORA WHEELER, the well-known artist, who has painted the portraits of a number of prominent authors, and has decorated the walls of some of the finest houses in New York and Washington, was married the other day to BOUDINOT KEITH, of New York.

—Miss PHILIPPA FAWCETT, daughter of the late Professor FAWCETT, the blind English philosopher and statesman, has taken the highest educational honor yet won by a woman at Cambridge University. She is twenty-two years old, and her marks in mathematics far surpassed those received by any man at the recent examinations.

—A unique bronze statue of General GORDON has been unveiled at Chatham, England, by the Prince of Wales. The General is represented in his official dress as Governor-General of the Soudan, and as riding on a camel, his own features, the fez on his head, the medals on his breast, and the trappings of the camel being all admirably delineated. The sculptor was E. ONSLOW FORD, A. R. A., and his work is highly praised.

—The election of Rev. SAM W. SMALL to the Presidency of the Utah University, a Methodist institution at Ogden, and his occupation of the place, caused much surprise among his friends in Georgia. He was a candidate for election to the Georgia Legislature, and had set a day for ordination in the Episcopal Church.

—Rev. VIRGIL MAXEY, a nephew of Ex-United States Senator MAXEY, of Texas, and well known in the South as a Baptist minister and revivalist, is to go on the stage. He will act on week-days and preach on Sundays.

—AMASA PARKER, of Fitzwilliam Depot, New Hampshire, thinks that as he is ninety-nine years old, and was graduated from the University of Vermont in 1815, he is the oldest living college alumnus in this country. He was on the staff of the Governor of New Hampshire when LAFAYETTE visited Concord in 1825.

—Among the graduates of the Medical School in Boston University this year was CHARLES ALEXANDER EASTMAN, a Santee Sioux, who finished the Latin-scientific course at Dartmouth three years ago. It has taken him some years to master the English language, but he has become so fluent in it that at Boston he was made the class orator. With his other studies he has read law, and he goes back to his people now, hoping to teach and help them, and to act as interpreter for them in their dealings with the government.

—Cardinal MANNING has recently observed his silver episcopal jubilee. A testimonial fund, toward which American Roman Catholics have subscribed liberally, has been raised for him.

—The fact that E. T. PAGE, the Democratic postmaster at Ingersoll, Texas, is the father of quadruplets, all promising little girls, as well as a model official, does not seem to have saved him his place when a Republican coveted it.

—The $170,000 paid at Paris by a rich retired draper for Meissonier's "1814" is recorded as the highest price ever given for the picture of a living artist. The painting represents Napoleon on horseback, surrounded by his Generals, on the eve of his abdication. It was painted in 1864, and is thirty inches long by twenty inches high.

—A beautiful album, bearing the signatures of many of the most distinguished personages in this country and England, and containing drawings by a few eminent artists, has been presented to M. PASTEUR, the eminent chemist, as a testimonial. It was originated and successfully carried through by Mrs. PRIESTLY, the wife of the distinguished English physician.

—STAMFORD LEVI LYON, said to be the oldest Freemason in this country, died recently at Rondout, New York, at the age of ninety-eight years. He had been a Mason since 1819.

—Mrs. GROVER CLEVELAND is heir to one-sixteenth of $800,000 worth of real estate in Omaha, Nebraska.

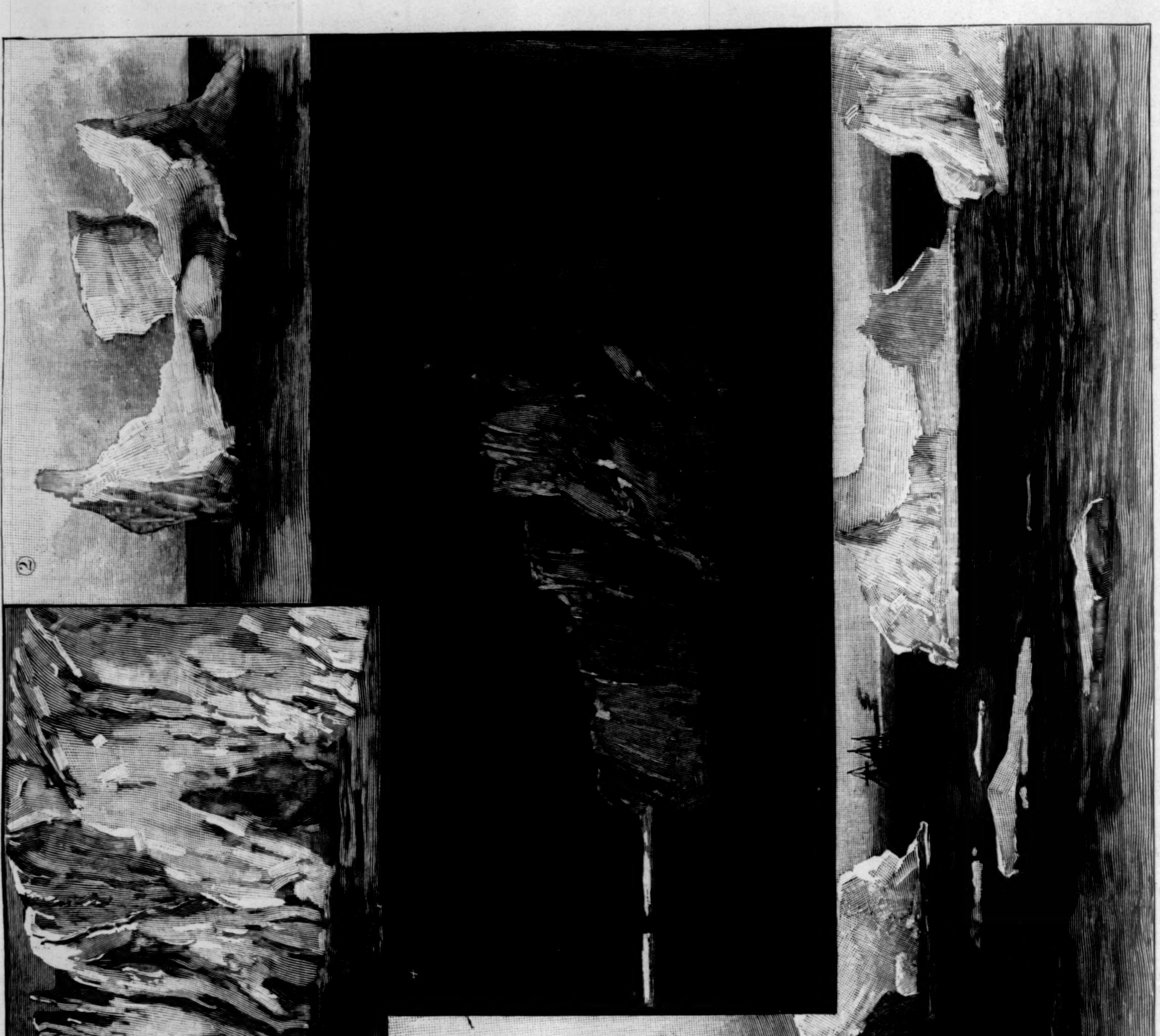
—Dr. L. B. CLIFTON, an English naturalist who devotes particular attention to raising rare moths, has just hatched one which he values at $50.

—Cardinal NEWMAN is eighty-nine years old.

—In the description given of the Drexel Institute, of Philadelphia, in the WEEKLY of June 7th, the name of the firm of architects was omitted. They are the well-known WILSON BROTHERS & CO., and the sketch given in the WEEKLY was made from their drawings.

—ELIZABETH POTTER, a colored woman living in Chatham County, Tennessee, is said to be one hundred and thirty-six years old, and to have 4439 descendants. She was married three times, and had twenty-seven children.

—The larynx of the great tenor GAYARRÉ, who died not long ago in Madrid, was removed after his death, and was found to be of such peculiar formation that it will probably be preserved in some Spanish museum. GAYARRÉ received $1400 a night in opera, the largest salary ever paid a tenor, and his fortune is estimated at $800,000. He was the son of a blacksmith, and a common workman when his voice first attracted attention, and he was only forty years old when he died.



GLACIERS AND ICEBERGS.—Drawn by Charles Mente after Photographs.—[See Page 482.]

1. Front of Sermitsialik Glacier, Greenland. 2. Partly melted Iceberg showing effects of thaw. 3. Various Berg shapes showing Cone, Arch, and old Water-line. 4. Front of Muir Glacier, Alaska.

FROM FISHING SMACK TO SHOE-BENCH.

WHILE the British champion the *Galatea* was lying in the Marblehead Harbor, off the house of the Eastern Yacht Club, we used to read in the newspapers the opinions of the old tars of the old town concerning her prowess. These old tars thought the British yacht a very terror for speed; but they knew that the *Mayflower* was a better boat, and would maintain the honor of the American flag. It must have been a very ancient mariner that the reporters saw, and fished up out of the caverns of the deep at that; for it is many a year since Marblehead was a seafaring town. Yet the flavor of the sea still hangs about it. Its repute is that which its fishermen have made for it upon the water in war and peace, but the quaintness and its peculiarities are departing. It no longer stands unique among the strong and interesting towns of Essex County. The main line of the railroad has reached down two siphons in the shape of branches from Lynn and Salem, and even the recent enterprises of the rare old town seem to have been sucked out of it. The fire which not long ago burned down the shoe factories that were in the heart of the village seems to have worked irreparable damage, for big holes still mark the site where once was housed the whole prosperity of Marblehead. No one knows what now supports the place. Its fishing fleet has departed. Not a vessel sails for the Banks. The people who were employed in the shoe shops travel daily to the two neighboring cities, where they earn wages which they will not be long willing to pay out for railroad fares. In view of the untoward circumstances that have beset this ancient home of one of the most peculiar, industrious, intelligent, and patriotic peoples in New England, one might well believe that its history is its strongest point, unless indeed one happened to know that there is a deal of energy left among the sons of men of the present generation. In the dialect of the place, some of which continues to linger with the descendants of the emigrants from the Channel Islands, no one in Marblehead is "pixilated"—meaning thereby confused by the commercial darkness into which the people have been plunged. The spirit of old Marblehead as well as its dialect is extinct—the spirit that is so graphically portrayed in that most stirring of town histories written by Senator Roods, whose ancestors were among the earliest settlers of the town, and who, besides writing the history of his birthplace, upholds its principles and maintains its traditions as President of the Sea-serpent Club, whose annual picnic is alone sufficient to wipe out all disbelief in the venerable and interesting reptile.

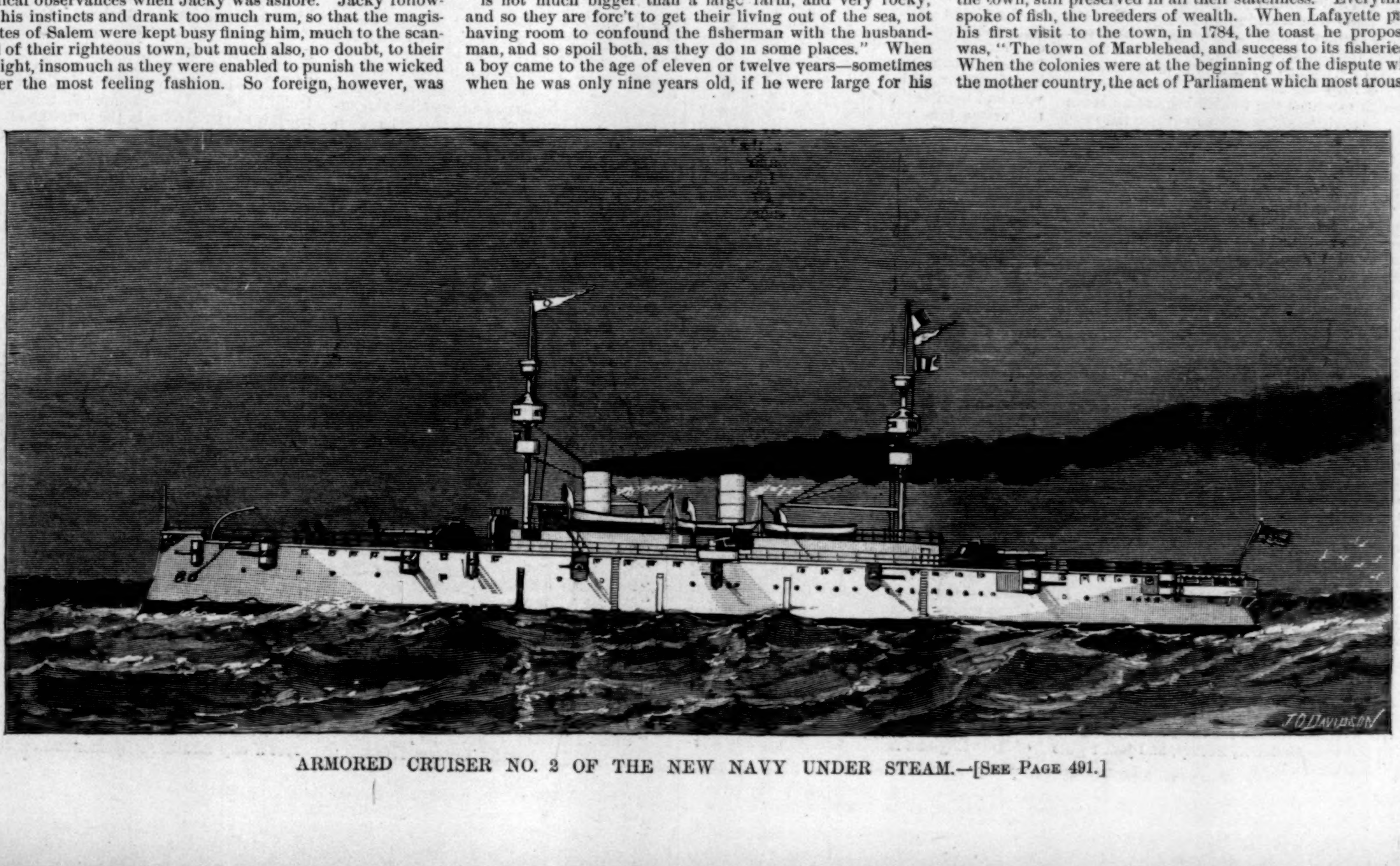
A RELIC OF THE OLD DAYS.—DRAWN BY W. A. ROGERS.

For more than two centuries the life of Marblehead, more than that of any town of the colony and commonwealth, was inspired and stimulated by the limitless freedom of the ocean. Its houses climbed up the steep and rocky hills of its peninsulas, or crept down as near as possible to the waves that lapped the occasional sand beaches. Anything for a whiff of salt air! The men from Jersey, Guernsey, and the western counties of England brought their birthright with them, and transmitted it to those who came after them.

The Marbleheaders were thorns in the sides of the Puritans, who may have looked upon them as intended for their discipline. They treated the degenerate sons of the sea with great harshness. The Marbleheaders were not pleased by the restriction of the suffrage to church members, for as late as the middle of the seventeenth century Marblehead had no church members and maintained no church. It was the subject of special legislation, which sought to provide for the punishment of the reprehensible violators of Puritanical observances when Jacky was ashore. Jacky followed his instincts and drank too much rum, so that the magistrates of Salem were kept busy fining him, much to the scandal of their righteous town, but much also, no doubt, to their delight, insomuch as they were enabled to punish the wicked after the most feeling fashion. So foreign, however, was the spirit of these fishermen to the Puritan principles that Salem finally petitioned the General Court to erect Marblehead into a town, and the first record of the town concerns fish. It was "agreed by the towne that all such as are strangers fishing or employed about fish shall pay unto the towne for their wood and flake stufe and other conyeniences the sum of ten shillings a year for every man."

And thus Marblehead set out upon its briny career. For a long time its people were prosperous. Fortunes were made from its single industry, and a noble fleet of fishing vessels sailed in and out of the beautiful harbor which is now the resting-place of yachtsmen, and whose shore is yearly becoming more popular for the summer homes of the wealthy. All the energies of these active people were bent to one end. "The whole township," wrote School-master Josiah Colton, "is not much bigger than a large farm, and very rocky, and so they are forc't to get their living out of the sea, not having room to confound the fisherman with the husbandman, and so spoil both, as they do in some places." When a boy came to the age of eleven or twelve years—sometimes when he was only nine years old, if he were large for his age—he shipped aboard a smack, and became a "cut-tail," which, being interpreted, means that he was paid only for the fish actually caught by him, the tail being cut as the fish was taken from the hook for the purposes of the count. From "cut-tail," through the various grades of "header," "splitter," "salter," to the distinguished rank of "skipper," was a great and dignified career, and many a modern Marbleheader is proud of the long line of skippers that unites him of these days of shoe-pegging to the maritime glories of the past.

How the town smells of salted fish! The catch was sent to all quarters of the world—to Spain, to the West Indies, to Portugal. Often the sailors married women of the tropics, and to this day dark-faced natives of Marblehead revive the memories of the traffic which built the fine dwellings of the town, still preserved in all their stateliness. Everything spoke of fish, the breeders of wealth. When Lafayette paid his first visit to the town, in 1784, the toast he proposed was, "The town of Marblehead, and success to its fisheries." When the colonies were at the beginning of the dispute with the mother country, the act of Parliament which most aroused



ARMORED CRUISER NO. 2 OF THE NEW NAVY UNDER STEAM.—[SEE PAGE 491.]

the stormy wrath of Marblehead was that which forbade the colonists to fish on the Banks of Newfoundland. The Marbleheaders hastened to express their gratitude to John Adams for "preserving to the United States of America the extensive advantage of the cod-fishery." And when the government was finally formed, it was voted at a town meeting, March 6, 1789, "to present his Excellency John Adams, Esq., with six quintals of table fish."

A great race of men was bred up on the sea—bold, active, generous, and apparently made more fond of their country by their constant contact with the provincial fishermen on the Banks. Their town meetings were very whirlwinds of discussion. They were sailors, and had little sympathy with landsmen or their ways. Their town was like no other. It had no streets, paths only, that made their way from the dwelling-places to the water's edge. Each house was placed where the owner saw fit, without any regard to building lines. The paths and lanes bore names, many of them ribald and some of them profane, such as were suggested to the people by the nature of the way, the exceptional experience of some passer, or the character of those who dwelt along the line. It was not only a hardy and independent community, but it was very jealous of its rights, and not seldom was a law unto itself. Once, when an anonymous pamphlet, published in the neighboring town of Salem, denounced the town officers whom the Democrats of Marblehead had elected, very much after the fashion of more modern times, the town meeting ordered "that the Lying Pamphlet ....be burned by the chimney-sweeper." It was burned, however, by the mob, and several leading citizens being indicted by the grand jury for engaging in what was denominated a riot, a town meeting was held, at which it was "Voted: That this town has a fellow-feeling of sympathy for the good citizens thereof, and that should any of them be indicted, or process of law be commenced against any of them for the doings of that day (March 17th), for burning what was then termed the Lying Pamphlet, this town will in its corporate capacity (agreeable to the laws and Constitution of this Commonwealth), defend and support them in and against any lawsuit that has been or may be commenced in consequence of the proceedings of the 17th of March aforesaid." So stubborn, so determined that their own way was right, and that they should have it, were these sons of the sea, that there was generally a difference of opinion between them and their neighbors, and Marblehead was Democratic while the neighboring towns were Federalist, Whig, and Republican. Its oldest church—St. Michael's—is Episcopalian, the frame of whose building, still in use, came from England in 1714.

It may have seemed to many of their neighbors as though the Marbleheaders were afflicted with that vice which is known to Yankeedom as cantankerousness, but there has never been any such vice in the disposition of the fishermen when war was upon the land. The men who contended with the elements on the ocean in peace, or quarrelled with their neighbors when they had nothing better to do, were the sturdy lovers of a sturdy freedom, and have done much more than their share of the country's fighting. In every conflict from the French and Indian war to the war for the Union, old Fort Sewell, looking outward to the harbor and the ocean, has been manned by the sons of Marblehead. Colonel John Elmer's regiment of fishermen was famous in Washington's army. Captain John Manley's schooner *Lee* was the first vessel of the Continental navy, and it was to her Pine-tree flag, so John Adams asserted, that the British flag first struck. It was the *Lee* which captured the British brigantine laden with provisions of war, among them the mortar over which Putnam broke a bottle of rum as he christened it "Congress." And listen to this from General Knox, writing of the terror inspired by the floating ice in the river at Trenton: "I wish that when this occurrence threatened to defeat the enterprise they could have heard that distinguished warrior [General Washington] demand, 'Who will lead us on?' and seen the men of Marblehead, and Marblehead alone, stand forward to lead the army along the perilous path to unfading glories and honors in the achievements of Trenton. There, sir, went the fishermen of Marblehead, alike at home upon land or water, patriotic and unflinching whenever they unfurled the flag of the country."

From Marblehead came Commodore Samuel Tucker, mighty capturer of British prizes, and a host of other gallant sailors. It was a great day for Marblehead when the Revolutionary War was over and the independence of the United States acknowledged. Nearly all her fishermen had taken part in it, and her fleet was destroyed. Poverty and dire distress followed, for the relief of which lotteries and other devices were resorted to, so that in a few years the men of the town were once more making their way to the Banks in search of the profitable cod.

While the Legislature of Massachusetts protested against the embargo, the town of Marblehead resolved, in a special meeting, that the "embargo law was a law of wisdom, and that the President and Congress of the United States are entitled to and shall receive our warmest thanks for their early attention to the independence, liberty, and just rights of the Union."

Marblehead fishermen played a great part in the war of 1812—the war for "Free-trade and Sailors' Rights." When the war was declared, Boston, Salem, and other towns neighboring to Marblehead begged for peace, but the independent fishermen held one of their clamorous town meetings and cheered for the war, declaring it to be "the last resort of a much-injured people." Then they went into the fight. They manned and officered the ships of the navy and the privateers. Eighty of the crew of the *Constitution* in its fight with the *Guerrière* were from Marblehead, and one of them piloted "Old Ironsides" safely into Salem Harbor when she was pursued by the British frigates *Tenedos* and *Endymion*. It was off Marblehead Neck that the battle between the *Chesapeake* and the *Shannon* took place. When peace was declared, more than 700 men of Marblehead were prisoners of war, 500 of them being in Dartmoor prison. To Marblehead the war was emphatically for "Free-trade and Sailors' Rights," and 726 of them engaged in it on privateers, 120 in the navy, 67 in the army, and 100 in the Marblehead Light Infantry. Up in the old burying-ground, which is on one of the rockiest hills in the town, one may read on the tombstone of a typical Marbleheader a legend to the effect that the deceased believed in "Free-trade and Sailors' Rights." But the war was the beginning of the end of the fishing business, which, at least in part, accounted for the free and independent spirit that distinguished the people of Marblehead, and set the seal of peculiarity upon the town. When the released prisoners of war came home, having usurped command of the ship which brought them over because her captain would not carry sail enough to please them, they found that nearly two-thirds of the fishing fleet was destroyed. The embargo and the war which they and their fellow-townsmen had so strongly advocated had ruined them, and had given a terrible blow to their industry. It only needed the great storm of 1846 to thoroughly discourage those who made their livings by fishing, for the Marbleheaders had been beaten by the Gloucester business men, who gradually absorbed the whole trade. When business arts entered in, the bluff Marbleheader, who knew only how to sail his smack and catch his fare, was driven off the Banks. He did not know how to contend with the packers and shippers into whose hands had come the majority of the American fleet. Trawl-fishing was too much for the men who had accepted the innovation of dory methods doubtfully.

In the mean time the shoe industry had made an insidious inroad into the maritime town. All sailors are not agreed in regarding the land as simply a place for fitting out and frolic. Besides, with the rising warehouses of Gloucester grew the fishing interests of the provinces, and fares brought less money than they had when the century was young. Then the share system was abandoned, and the crew were no longer partners in the results of the voyage. Capital took the profits and hired the seamen, so that gradually the native Yankee was superseded by the Nova Scotia man and the Irishman and Swede, for it was difficult, next to impossible even, for the independent citizen of Marblehead to bring himself down to sailing as a hired man, be the skipper a fellow-citizen or foreigner. When the long winters came, and the fishing for the season was finished, the industrious seamen, for some reason or other, possibly on account of the propinquity of the Salem tanneries, had taken to the making of shoes, chiefly of the kind known as "misses' and children's." And these maritime cobblers prospering, their example became contagious, and many a tarry hand turned its cunning to the making of coverings for young feet. By-and-by these men, who had been accustomed to the division of the crews into "headers" and "splitters" and "salters," and had consequently learned the economic principle which lies at the basis of all modern manufactures, brought their benches together under one roof. Little one-story houses grew up about the streets of Marblehead, and half a dozen shoemakers entered into the business together. The little shops exist to this day. Indeed since the big fire which destroyed all the large shops in the vicinity of the railroad station these little factories are about all that remains of the modern industry of Marblehead. They have no machinery, none of the great patent implements by which a pair of boots can be made for you while you look about the premises. The workmen are Americans, who are independent citizens of the town, who probably once upon a time followed the sea and lived upon its inhabitants, whose ancestors at least were fishermen, who can point out to you the house in which the Spanish pirate was captured, and the back yards where other pirates murdered the beautiful woman whose shrieks are still heard on each recurring anniversary of the terrible night. Marblehead, it must be recollected, was a favorite resort for the bloody as well as the peaceful rovers of the sea in the seventeenth century. These native shoemakers are mild-mannered men, who lock up their little factories every day at noon and at six o'clock in the evening, and go home to dinner and tea. Their town meetings are not so tumultuous as they were, although every citizen takes a lively interest in whatever is going on in reference to public matters. That, however, is characteristic of New England rather than peculiar to Marblehead.

The town did not abandon the sea for the factory without a struggle. When it was finally recognized that the fishing fleet and its glory had departed forever from the place to which the sea-air had so long been the breath of life, an effort was made to establish the industry of ship-building. It would have been some gratification to the former rovers of the main if, now that their voyaging days were over, they might have furnished to other tarry spirits their stately ships and swiftly sailing smacks. But the ways and docks fell before the deadly shoe peg; not, however, before a new section of the town had stretched out into level land, and modern cottages, facing rectangular streets, had intruded into the ancient borough.

But though there had been a change in the ways and manners of the people, the fire and patriotic spirit of the town had not departed. When Mr. Lincoln made that memorable call for 75,000 men, the militia companies of Marblehead were the first to march into Boston, and during the war for the Union Marblehead furnished about 1000 men in excess of its quota. "For Heaven's sake," Governor Andrew is reputed to have said, "don't send any more men from Marblehead, for it is imposing on your goodness to take so many men as have already come." Marbleheaders fought through the war on sea and land, as they had fought in other wars. The women, who remained at home, went on with the shoe business, and when the struggle was over the troops and sailors who came back found that there was an infusion of foreign element into the life of their old home—an element which was destined to grow more and more important as the factories increased and multiplied. The sea spirit was still preserved among the natives in tradition and history, as is aptly illustrated by the flourishing Sea-serpent Club, which has been spoken of, by the yarns—known of all men whose birthright is citizenship of Marblehead—of the mysterious visits and cruises of pirates, and by the cherished glories won on the battle-fields of the ocean. In front of the Neck is the starting-point of the finest ocean racing course in the country, and the regattas of the Eastern Yacht Club have preserved the interest of the population in achievements on the water.

But that a change has come over the spirit of the old fishing port who can doubt? What a sport of nature would it be if the fishing smack and the shoe-bench did not breed different-natured men, and women too! For women and children are affected by this enormous change of pursuit quite as much as the men. The fisherman's wife has her fearful cares and anxieties, but she does not spend her days in the close confinement of a factory; and is not the "cut-tail" who breathes the salt air and is developed by the activities of a sailor's tasks likely to be a man of stronger body than the boy whose early days are spent in the shop?

The influence of the wild free life on the stormy Banks has departed, and instead of the rollicking, independent, strong-headed, obstinate sailors, speaking a dialect of their own which the outside world understood with difficulty, we have the sober and sedate shoemaker, most worthy citizen, most domestic and sometimes most philosophic of men, but not at all unique. There are straight streets now. There are no slop-shops as there were, nor merchants in oil-cloth clothes, nor ship-chandleries, nor red-curtained bar-rooms, nor drunkenness. So that, in some respects, Marblehead is more moral than it used to be when it was a sea city. It is a prohibition town, but the manner in which this result was brought about is indicative of the old town rather than the new. Marblehead is not fond of sumptuary legislation on principle, but it voted prohibition in a fit of popular indignation. A person generically known as a rumseller viciously struck and knocked down another person generically known as a temperance man, and it appearing that all the rumsellers sympathized with the deed, the town voted to close up their shops, and closed they have been ever since that fatal episode. One still hears occasionally the dialect that used to distinguish the native Marbleheader—the quick speech, the cutting off of terminal letters, the *oi* for *i* in such words as "wife" and "died." Sometimes the family of Crowninshield is called "Grounsel." Sometimes a housewife speaks of the ceiling as the "planchment," and says, when chill November's wintry blast compels the goose-flesh, that she feels "crimmy." But all this is infrequent, and many an old family name is not to be found in the modern directory.

Not many weeks ago two very old Marbleheaders met on the burying hill. One was the grave-digger. A boxed coffin was lying on the ground before the open door of an old tomb.

"Whose burial box be that, Cyrus?" said the Marbleheader who was not the sexton.

"That's Abigail C——'s."

"Where 'd she doi?"

"She doied 't Boston."

"Whose woife was 't?"

"Wa'n't ner one's woife?"

"'S that so?"

"Um."

"C—— tomb 's ben shut er long time."

"Um."

"W'en was 't open before?"

"Nigh forty year."

"Um. No one's woife!"

HENRY LOOMIS NELSON.

THE ICEBERG'S BIOGRAPHY.

BY CLARENCE DEMING.

It was some eight years ago, during a homeward voyage from Europe in the month of May, that the writer first saw an iceberg. For four days after leaving Queenstown there had been smooth seas, gentle winds, and the balmiest of ocean temperatures. Suddenly there came a change. The ocean remained smooth, but a sharp chill cut the air. The blue skies shifted to a canopy of lead, through which the sharply disked sun struggled, without, as it seemed, either heat or light. Icebergs the weather eye of our captain forecast in this quick change of temperature, and the sharper gaze with which the lookouts scanned the horizon, as well as the repeated tests of the sea-water by the thermometer, emphasized his judgment. A few hours later the bergs, three in number, came to view miles away on the western sea line—one, a wrinkled cliff of ice; a second, also cliff-like, with a promontory at either end; and a third, rising from the waters as a huge cube, topped at the centre by a truncated cone, which at its crest broke into sharp pinnacles a hundred feet above the ocean-level. In the weird leaden light the three bergs at first took the hue of dull tempered steel. But an hour later, when the sun broke out as we passed them, they put on a garb of fleecy white, fringed at their upper parts with fitful lines of silver, slowly fading out to the northeastward as our swift steam-ship sped past. Not many days later, doubtless, those floating giants went back to their original fluids in the tepid current of the Gulf Stream. We had seen them on their ocean death-bed, and had read but a few lines near the close of their life-story, which had begun years, perhaps generations, before on the arctic plateaus of Greenland.

That mystic country, the great breeding-ground of the icebergs of the North Atlantic, and as their prolific parent second only to the antarctic continent, merits here its brief description. It reaches from a point in north latitude not yet precisely known, but probably about four hundred miles from the pole, southward for some thirteen hundred miles, to the latitude of 60°. Its pear-shaped form on the map spans at its largest diameter, in the latitude of 70°, about seven hundred miles east and west. Of this great country, containing not less than half a million square miles, probably five-sixths is covered by an ice crust with an average thickness of upward of a thousand feet. Only along its shores is a fringe of soil or rock some fifty miles broad at its widest southern point, and diminishing to mere littoral cliffs as the trend of the shores runs northward. We may, in fact, speak of the whole of Greenland's interior as a vast *mer de glace*, with a surface almost nine times the area of New York State and a little less than three and a half times that of Great Britain and Ireland. Explorers who have penetrated its desolate plateaus—Hayes, Nordenskiöld, and Nansen—substantially unite in their descriptions of the Greenland ice cap, a comparatively smooth expanse of ice, rarely broken by crevasses, and sloping up gently toward the interior. Greenland, indeed, may be deemed a survival of the glacial age, when an ice sheet of far greater depth and area swept down over North America to a point about the centre of the United States. Each long arctic winter deposits its heavy snows on the Greenland *mer de glace*, to be transmuted into ice, and finally to be discharged by glaciers through the many fiords which descend to the sea. The middle and upper coasts on the west of the semi-continent are cut thickly by these great ice streams, one of them, the Humboldt, the glacial Amazon of the North, being estimated at from forty to sixty miles in width. They, like the rivers of water which drain away from the lakes of more temperate zones, fulfil the law of circulation in the terrestrial fluids. Let us illustrate that law, as written in icy characters, by tracing briefly the iceberg from its primal unit.

A drop of water forms by night on a leaf, and, as a globule of dew, glistens in the early rays of the sun. As his beams warm it the drop changes into vapor, and its parts rise in air and disperse, each to become a bit of a cloud, or to float in the atmospheric spaces as an invisible watery mote. Then the winds may seize the vapory particle and bear it to the far North, where, joined by countless myriads of others, and congealed as snow, hail, rain, or fog, it may fall on the Greenland ice cap. Next, the particle, under pressure or by frost, is changed to ice itself, and becomes an integral portion of the dismal country's icy crown. Days, years, decades go. Moving slowly but constantly, the particle descends the slope into a fiord, to become a minute factor of the glacier by which the inland ocean of ice finds its outlet to the other ocean of waters. As time goes on, the particle imbedded in the glacier moves down to the coast, where, launched in the berg, it begins the long ocean journey which is to bear it southward to melt in the Gulf Stream, to be drawn up as vapor anew, and repeat the great law of circulation in nature's blood.

Glaciers, their motions and changes, are still the battle-ground of scientific controversy, but from the mass of learned discussion we can distil many proved facts relating to these cold mothers of the berg. They move down their inclined beds at a rate varying from a few inches a day up to the sixty feet a day measured by Helland on the Ja-

kobshavn Glacier of Greenland. As a rule, the larger the glaciers are, the faster they move, owing to the diminished friction at their sides, size being a far more important factor in their rate of speed than the steepness of their gradients. They descend also much faster at their centres than at their edges, where they are checked by the friction of the land; and for the same cause they have more downward motion at their surface than at the base. Solid and inflexible they seem to eye or touch, but under their own momentum they become plastic, shaping themselves to channels, scouring the rocks, and pouring over cliffs in imperfect semblance but complete analogy to the water-fall.

The glacial surface, with its smooth reaches, its wavy rapids, its eddies circling round the jutting rocks of its banks, still further expands its fluvial analogue. But unlike the river of water, the glacier is broken into diagonal crevasses pointing up stream toward the centre, opening when the slope drops, closing together again when the slope rises; it flows with cracking sounds in lieu of the continuous roar of water-fall or the splash of wave; and it has at its tunnelled base a literal stream of running water, a *fluvius in fluvio*, derived largely from the meltings of the surface, which in summer pour in torrents down the cracks, unite below, and rush out in a muddy tumult of waters beneath the glacier's front. On top of the glacier and parallel with its axis of flow are the long lines of mingled rocks and soil styled moraines, over which science has battled so fiercely. When these moraines, scoured from the glacier's shores, trend near the sides, they are "lateral"; passing from branches to the centre of a new and wider glacier, they are "medial"; and deposited in a ridge at the foot, where the glacier melts on land or passes into the sea, they become "terminal," as illustrated strikingly by the moraine at the foot of the Davidson Glacier of Alaska.

The dynamical law by which the glaciers abutting on the sea generate their bergs is still somewhat vague. In earlier days it was held that the glacial tongue broke off by its own weight. To this has succeeded the following explanation, perhaps more popularly than scientifically accepted. Moving down the fiords to the ocean the glacier's front enters the waves, at first ploughing up the sea-bottom into a deep furrow. But as the ice prow pushes out over the sloping ocean floor, the weight resting upon the bottom steadily diminishes. The floating power of the water tends constantly to lift the ice, which is held down by the rigidity of the glacial sheet below its normal sea line. Moving on still, the glacier's front reaches the point in deeper waters where it is lifted from the bottom altogether. Still it remains unbroken, the strength of the sheet, hundreds of feet in thickness, holding it. But as it proceeds, the awful leverage on the unsupported tongue waxes. It is like the van of an army drawn further and further away from its main body, and encountering increasing attacks of the foe. Each surge of the tide, every onset of storm, racks its structure. At last comes the point where the hardly sustained equilibrium of forces ends, and the glacial tip breaks away into the floating berg. Finally we have a third and more recent hypothesis based on the differential movement of the upper and lower parts of the glacier. This latest theory asserts that the glacial front is thrust over from above by the swifter descent of its upper portion—a movement which may be roughly likened to the breaking comb of a sea wave sweeping to the shore.

But whatever the specific direction of the force which expels the berg from the glacier, the grandeur of the phenomena which often attend it is without question. Constantly the brow of the glacier over the sea is shaking off with sharp explosions smaller masses of ice, which drop to the water in cloudlets of spray. Suddenly there comes a set of louder and deeper blasts that blend into a subterranean roar. A great section of the fissured front of the glacier bends, with water-falls pouring from its sides, and obscured in clouds of vapor from the cold surfaces newly exposed to the air. As these clear away, the broken off glacial tongue surges down, forcing up a wave of water dangerous to near vessels, to boats or men at the water's edge. Up and down the new-born berg sways, moving, meanwhile, slowly away from the glacier, and out to sea. It has been born amid the travail of the icy elements to begin its life journey, that is to be long or short according to its own size and the places to which the currents of air and water are to bear it.

The amount of ice thus sent out from the large glaciers which have rapid flow is most amazing. At the Jakobshavn Glacier alone Helland fixes the daily discharge at 432,000,000 cubic feet, and this is but one of the great glaciers, known and unknown, which outflow from the Greenland ice sheet. From the Muir Glacier of Alaska—only one of the several thousand, large and small, in our Northwest Territory, two of them estimated by Lieutenant Schwatka at twenty miles in breadth—Professor G. F. Wright fixed the daily outflow of ice at 200,000,000 cubic feet during the August of 1886, when his examination of the glacier was made. It may be noted, in this connection, that there are few reports of our Alaskan ice rivers discharging large bergs. Authority can be cited to prove that this is due to the irregular grades at which most of the Alaskan glaciers reach their outlets, forming many crevasses, and consequently smaller bergs.

The more massive bergs, once "calved" from the front of their parent glaciers in Greenland, and floating away with almost nine-tenths of their bulk beneath the waves, may have a varied life history. They are assailed instantly by the forces of the sea and air. If born in the summer, their blue sides change quickly to a snowy whiteness that marks the entrance of air into their pores. The arctic sun, which is not to set for months, shoots its rays unceasingly on their exposed surfaces. As the heat increases, pools of water form on their upper levels and overflow in foaming streams down their sides, fluting them in the fall. Under the unequal expansion, not seldom a berg cracks, throwing off great masses, and sometimes, if not of large dimensions, it splits from top to base into smaller bergs. The warm breezes attack it; the sea-waves lash its sides; storms drive it upon other bergs or on the coast, or the ocean currents may start it on a longer journey. From the moment of its noisy birth its biography is a story of decay, with every energy of nature preying upon its life. Moving northward, and stranded on a cold shore, it may endure for years, like the anchored berg two years old measured by Dr. Hayes in 1860, which reached 315 feet above the water-line, half a mile below it, and was three-quarters of a mile long, with a weight of 2,000,000,000 tons, and a mass of 27,000,000,000 cubic feet. Or the berg may be nipped in the swirl of the dreaded "middle pack" of Melville Bay, there also to prolong its life during one or two arctic winters. But more commonly it is caught in the current which sweeps around the lower point of Greenland, runs northward, and crosses Baffin's Bay to join the arctic current, also ice-laden, setting south to Labrador and the Newfoundland Banks. Then the berg, if of great size, outlives its long journey to become the terror of the transatlantic voyager until it vanishes in the warm Gulf Stream.

The Monthly Review of the Signal Service of the United States for January, 1890, as an example, supplies impressive evidence of the amount of arctic ice that makes the long voyage from Baffin's Bay or above it to the routes of the ocean steam-ships. Reports of ice are given for every day except five of that month, and some of them in condensed form may fitly add here their testimony to the photographic print.

January 5th.—Berg from seven to eight hundred feet long and seventy feet high.

7th.—Berg four hundred feet long and one hundred feet high.

8th.—Enormous berg one-fourth of a mile long and two hundred feet high.

9th.—Berg about six hundred feet long and one hundred feet high.

19th.—Field ice studded with large bergs.

20th.—Large berg about two hundred feet high.

21st.—Great quantities of ice with several large bergs. Field ice for fifty-six hours. Densely packed field of ice twenty miles long.

23d.—Field of pack ice twenty-nine miles long.

25th.—Whole eastern coast of Newfoundland blockaded with ice.

27th.—At 3.30 P. M. vessel completely jammed. Engines stopped until 11.30 P. M.

29th.—Large berg one-half mile wide and one mile long.

As indicating the time of the passage of the arctic bergs from upper Baffin's Bay to the Gulf Stream the voyage on an ice floe of the castaway party from the *Polaris* is in evidence. The party separated from their vessel near the upper extremity of Baffin's Bay on the 15th of October, 1872, in latitude about 77° 30′, not far from Northumberland Island. They were rescued off Labrador on the 30th of April, 1873, in latitude 53° 35′. They had drifted in the arctic current a distance of about fifteen hundred miles in 197 days. This would indicate by ratios about 284 days as the period for the passage of field ice from the upper Greenland region to the routes of the ocean steamers after the ice has once entered the arctic current. In the case of the bergs, with almost nine-tenths of their surface submerged in the current and less retarded by winds, this time must evidently be somewhat reduced.

Around the bergs, after they are borne from the glacier, float forms of ice different in origin, less impressive in magnitude, but still in their dynamic manifestations sublime and fearful. Out from the arctic coasts, where the thermometer during the sunless winter months registers at times as low as 70° below zero, and usually ranges between 20° and 40°, there forms the coast ice many feet in thickness, known as the ice foot—the comparatively smooth pathway fast between the shore and the hummocky tidal ice, and along which arctic explorers have so often pushed their sledge parties northward. In summer most of the ice foot detaches from the land, and joined by ice of other seasons and origins, becomes the huge fields of the "pack," spreading often to the horizon. In these expanses of the pack are united many kinds of ice—small bits that have fallen from land cliffs, from the bergs, or from the glacial fronts; the freezings of winter in the ice field itself; old (palæocrystic) floes, or the greater floe bergs so interestingly described by Greely, and attributed by him to the gentler grades of far north glaciers, cubical, stratified, discolored, and the arctic counterparts on a smaller scale of the South polar bergs. As these composite ice fields sweep on before current and gale, impinging on the shore, on the bergs, or on one another, the mighty dynamic energy shapes the surface into manifold and wondrous forms—strata piled one above another, now and then warped into curves by the strain; hummocks rounded, blunted by friction, sharp or focussed into a series of craggy points like the edges of a volcanic crater. All these divergent ice shapes in the field, impelled by the powers of sea and air, join with the other elements in the general attack upon the berg.

What marvel that, as the objective point of assault by all these disintegrating forces of water, of atmosphere, of heat, of the ice itself, ever varying in intensity and exerted from different directions, the berg takes on those strange shapes that the photograph depicts—not so fanciful as the drawings of the imaginative old navigators, but still fantastic, beautiful, awful. Starting at first as an irregular block of ice, the berg, as it is melted, ground, and shattered bit by bit, changes each day its figure. Its centre of poise shifts constantly, presenting gradually new surfaces to the eye, and betimes toppling the mass completely over. At first the berg may assume the form of a huge floating structure fringed with ornamental work at its eaves and ridges. Slowly these upper parts may melt to minarets, to flying buttresses, to castellated turrets, to Gothic spires and arches. Next, these too may fall, and leave the berg lying on the ocean in the likeness of a strange living monster of the deep. Things animate and inanimate without number the berg may counterfeit during its life. Often its whole or part will take the mushroom or conical shape, with clearly outlined stem where the waves have worn its base near the water-line; and at many points in its structure may be traced the old grooves where in earlier days the ocean has wasted it. The arched berg is a not uncommon type, created at times by the action of the waves, but when its curve is lofty attributed more justly to the enlargement of the original arch, in which the frontal glacier split off over the subglacial river—such as was one berg under which Dr. Hayes avers his schooner could have sailed. The rocks and deposits of soil which the berg often bears away from its glacier, and which from time to time it drops into the sea, add to its grotesqueness of shape. Under certain conditions of sunlight they melt into the slope of the berg, giving it an eruptive or pocked aspect. Under other conditions of heat, these land masses appear like a dark human head mounted on a white-cloaked icy column.

Infinite in variety as are its figures, so are the iceberg's tints. In general, under the sunlight it is garbed in the milky whiteness which quickly succeeds the steely blue of the side recently ruptured from the glacier. But this tint itself often receives reflected colorings from the blue of the sky, from the shadow of cloud, from the hues thrown up from the ocean, and from the prismatic effects reflected where the sun-rays touch it at varied angles. On the bergs whose crests break into minarets and sharp lace-work this play of the sunbeam gives coruscations that may make the floating thing like a great diamond cut into a million facets, and dimpling with every prismatic color. When seen directly below water, the ice of the berg is a bluish-white. Over an artificial bottom of this blue-white ice, caused by the projection of the subaqueous part of a berg, one famous arctic explorer passed in his boat for a hundred yards before he reached the ice giant's erect side. In placid arctic waters, which are often so clear that the boat seems hung in air, these color effects of submarine ice are sometimes hardly less striking than those of the berg in the upper sunlight.

North polar ice, imposing as it is in its forms and motions, is far surpassed in both by the ice of the antarctic regions, a part of the world still deeply shadowed in mystery. What we know of it comes principally from the narratives, penned half a century ago, of Commander Wilkes, of the French explorer D'Urville, and from the more important but far from complete explorations of Sir James C. Ross, the discoverer of the volcanoes Mount Erebus and Mount Terror. From the almost contemporaneous discoveries of these three explorers we can infer that there is a continent surrounding the south pole some thousands of miles in circumference. Thus far it has been untrodden by man, and only seen by him from the decks of his venturous ships. Like Greenland, this continent wears an ice cap, but thicker and more uniform. The fiords and separated glaciers of the arctic region merge at the antarctic in what may be called a single vast and expansive glacier, which pushes its vertical front continuously along the coast for miles out to sea, an insuperable barrier hitherto to explorers. More heavy and more frequent falls of moisture than in the arctic spaces feed the south polar sheet, and give it well-defined strata. When this continental glacier has pushed out to the point of rupture in the ocean, it launches, along with smaller and more variable masses, not the irregular berg of Greenland, but a huge floating table of ice, the stratified "table berg" of Ross and Wilkes, with vertical faces often miles in length; and generally not until this berg has drifted northward to summer latitudes, and has passed the great southern pack which, on his second voyage, detained Ross for fifty-six days, does it become irregular and fantastic in shape, like its icy kinsmen floating from the North. From the antarctic sheet, with its even, gentle slope and probably few crevasses, we should logically infer immense bergs, and some of them the log-books of navigators describe. The records of the British Board of Trade from 1839 to 1867 supply us with the dimensions of a number of these gigantic table bergs, "with one or two exceptions accurately determined by angular measurements." They range from a height of about 400 to 1000 feet above the sea-level, and in cases have a length of several miles, indicating a depth below the water-line sometimes much more than a mile. These icy magnitudes dwarf the largest Greenland bergs, as the latter belittle the bergs of Alaska. They imply parts of the south polar continent still unseen where either the ice sheet reaches a size much larger than the parts that have been explored, or where glaciers attain a thickness wellnigh dazing to the human mind. It is noteworthy also that two of the loftiest bergs recorded in the reports of the British Board of Trade were encountered in latitude so low as about 37° south, corresponding very nearly with the north latitude of Norfolk (Virginia) and Lisbon (Portugal).

In all its mutations of life the berg is a thing haloed by human fancy, or shadowed by human terrors. Blended with its traditions of mortal suffering, of ships crushed and wrecked, of death within the arctic circle, is the mystic fascination of its stupendous size, of its stately voyage over wind-beat seas, of its sunlit beauties, of its varied and fanciful shapes. The devout worshipper may see in these white-faced colossi of the ocean another of those divine orders by which Nature returns to herself and recuperates her own works; the man of science reads on the same floating mountain the story of the glacier, the formulas of the realm of ice, the rules of molecular and cosmic force, and over and above them all the greater law of circulation on the globe and in its atmospheres; and to wellnigh all of us the story of the origin, birth, and life journeys of the bergs is not less moving because they are severed from us by an "enchanted distance" which photography and the pen span but imperfectly at the best.

THE SPINNERS.

They learned their art, these weavers, long ago
In those sweet days when Pan went to and fro
Making all other music strangely mute
Before the sweetness of his reeded flute;
Or when in flaming forge great Vulcan wrought
Achilles' armor, and Athene caught
From off the distaff her fair wroughten weft.
Now when the reeds and thickets are bereft
Of these god wanderers—lo! their old-time ways
Are still revealèd in these later days,
When in the long-forsaken haunts young leaves
Hide the brown bird, that with shy cunning weaves
Quaint-shapen nest; or when the spiders chain
Their silken hammocks to the wind-bent grain;
Or, sweeter token, when wee spinning things
Await in frail cocoons their coming wings.

Lucy E. Tilley.

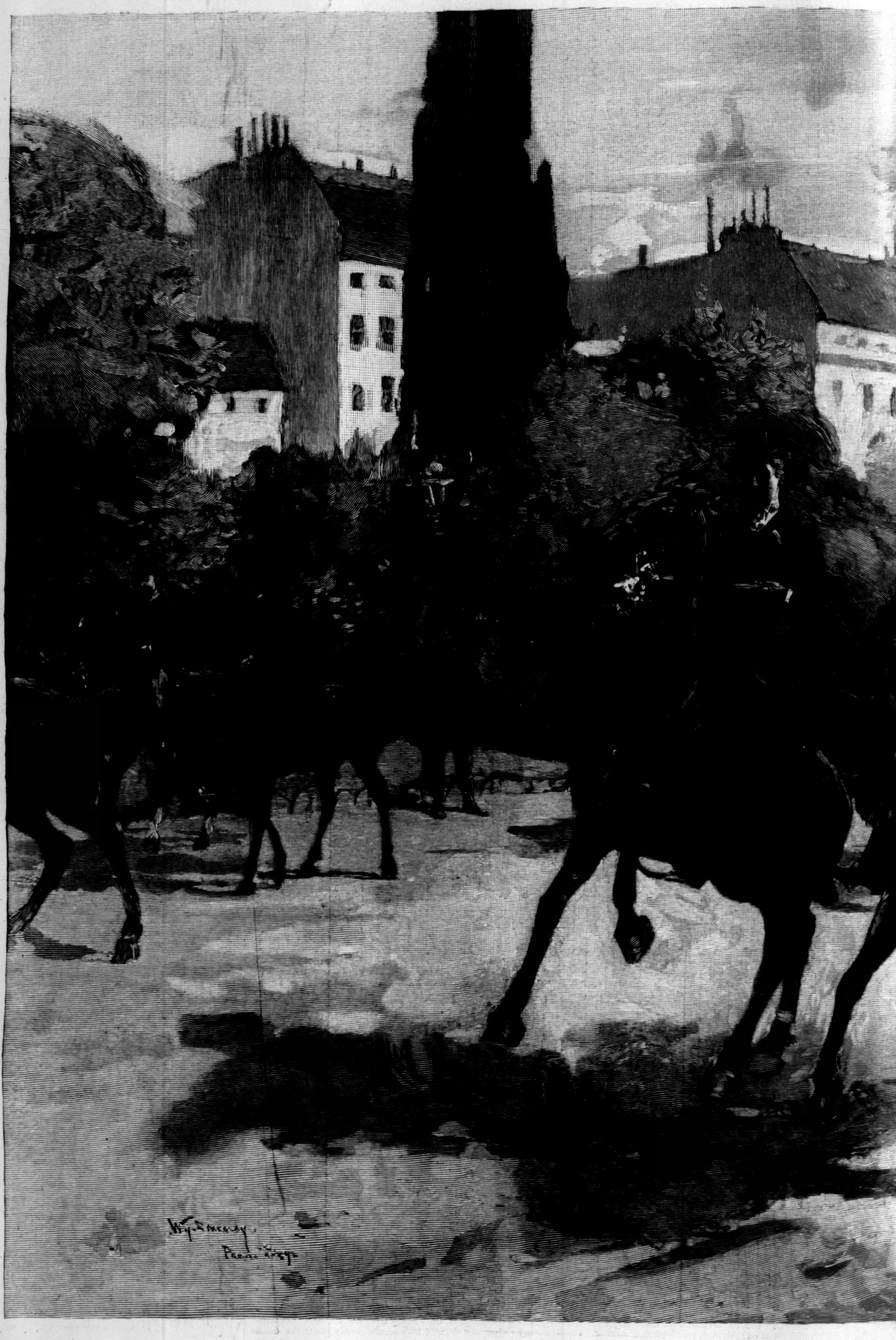
EXPLAINED.

"How much ice did you leave me yesterday?"

"Fifteen poun's, mum."

"You did; well, I weighed it the instant you left, and there were seven pounds exactly."

"Yis, mum, we sells it just as we gets it in Maine, mum, widout makin' no allowance for shrinkage in New Yorruk."



GOING TO THE GRAND PRIX—A BIT OF PA

PARIS IN JUNE.—Drawn by W. T. Smedley.—[See Page 487.]

THE ELECTION.

BY LYNN R. MEEKINS.

MATTERS did not go as well with the candidacy of Abner Green as the beginning had promised. He had been nominated unanimously. He had accepted with seeming reluctance. The support in party lines had been solid, and there was a strong independent sentiment in his favor. The canvass had progressed favorably and everything looked auspicious. And yet in the closing days of the contest a batch of clouds appeared upon the horizon of his hopes.

With his good wife Jane he was sitting in the parlor of his humble house, the lower part of which was a store. He seemed disconsolate. Jane busied herself with sewing, while he gazed alternately at the lamp and floor and cogitated on his prospects.

"Abner," said Jane, "something is troubling you."

"Yes, dear; something usually is."

"You haven't any doubt about your election, have you?"

"Of course not. Did you ever know a candidate to have any doubts except as to the size of his majority?"

"Now I know something's wrong. What is it?"

Abner did not answer. He looked steadily and sturdily at the floor. Jane waited awhile, and then resumed:

"What is it, Abner? You haven't been comfortable since the mail came in yesterday."

Abner glanced up quickly. "Jane," he said, "did you ever see through a brick wall?"

"The idea of such a question! I believe you are losing your mind. You've lost about everything else since you got into politics."

"Yes," responded the candidate for sheriff, gloomily; "and I'm going to lose more."

Jane dropped her sewing and gazed at him in open-eyed dismay. "What!" she asked, "do they want money? Why, they declared it shouldn't cost you anything."

Abner shook his head sadly. "It's always that way," he said. "They sugar-coat you with compliments, and for every compliment they issue a note that you've got to pay before the campaign ends. This politics, Jane, is a great scheme to use a man's vanity for opening his pocket-book. It's got so that I'm afraid to hear a man praise me, lest he should come around afterward to borrow money, and I'm disappointed if he doesn't come, because I feel sure he's going to vote against me."

"Now, Abner, if they said that you would strengthen the ticket, and if that is why they put you on, why don't they go ahead and elect you?"

"Bless your innocent soul, Jane, you don't know politics! Six weeks ago they all said I'd go through with flying colors, and everybody was crowding around promising to put up money and help me, but six weeks in politics is about six years longer than eternity."

"Didn't they contribute as they said they would?"

"Yes, some did. Major Powderdry for one."

"Major Powderdry! Why, Abner, I never knew that he contributed to anything except the size of his debts."

"That's about what he did. It was this way. Three weeks ago the major came around and said he wanted to make a good contribution to the campaign fund, and after a lot of a-hemming and a-hawing he asked me to lend him a hundred dollars on his note. As long as I had taken the nomination from him, and as the money would help my own election, I loaned it to him."

"And he contributed it to the fund?"

Abner smiled grimly. "Yes, twenty-five of it. He put the other seventy-five in his pocket. It was the first time that I ever knew Major Powderdry was a financier."

"A financier!" exclaimed Jane, indignantly. "I call it robbery."

"No, my dear; it's finance. As far as I can see finance is the general barter of humanity, and the biggest financier is the fellow who manages to hold on to the most money. Now old Canton is another financier. We made him chairman of our first mass-meeting, and gave him enough honor for his whole family. Of course we expected to get a good contribution from him. Well, he promised and promised. Then he kept saying that times was hard, and it all ended by his handing over five dollars out of his fifty thousand. And now he is lending me money, and making me pay twelve per cent. interest on it. The old skinflint will make nearly a hundred dollars out of me."

Jane did not know much about politics, but she had helped Abner in the store enough to understand something about the rules of interest. This disclosure evidently alarmed her.

"Do you mean to say," she asked, "that you have put a thousand dollars into this thing?"

"As the day of execution is near at hand, my dear, I suppose I'd just as well confess. A thousand is about the size of it."

"But, Abner, I don't see where you can use all the money."

"Campaign expenses," he answered, sententiously.

"What are they?"

"Printing tickets and mass-meetings and hiring music, and—and other things."

"What other things? You don't mean to say, Abner, that you pay to get votes?"

"Certainly not, my dear; but some people have to be persuaded."

"Persuaded?"

"Yes, persuaded. There are lots of men who will vote our ticket, but they must be paid for their loss of time. Now, for instance, there is Bill Simpson. Bill will vote for our ticket, but he needs persuasion. He wants five dollars for his loss of time in going to the polls."

"But, Abner, you know that he never does anything, and how can his time be valuable?"

"That's just it. His time isn't valuable except when elections come round. Then everybody finds out that it is a very busy season, and that it will be hard to get to the voting places unless the party does something for them. I went to see Bill. He said he certainly wanted to vote for me, but he did not see how he was going to get away, for he had a big job of work to do, and it would be worth every cent of five dollars for him to lay off and go to the polls. What are you going to do with such a man unless you compromise?"

"Compromise?"

"Yes, compromise. He'll really expect about two dollars. Last year he got one."

"Abner," said Jane, after a pause, "isn't it wrong to do this?"

"It may not be exactly right, dear, but it's painfully necessary. At election time every man is as big as every other man, and his vote counts just the same whether he is a President or a loafer."

Jane paused again while her thoughts struggled for utterance. Presently she said: "Abner, I'd rather see you defeated than do anything that is not right. I hope and pray that you do not think of buying votes."

"Of course not, of course not," he replied, with some warmth. "What put such an idea into your head? And, moreover, what would be the use of trying? The other fellows have got the most money."

"How do you know?"

"That's what the letter said; and that's what has been troubling me. Why, Jane, the unprincipled scoundrels on the other side have got three hundred new two-dollar notes for use on Tuesday. Just think of it! That's enough to carry this district against the Angel Gabriel! And if I lose Sussex, I lose the election and my thousand dollars. It's awful."

Jane quickly jumped from criticism to sympathy. She wanted Abner to be elected, and she had thought he would be until now, when the prospect seemed to change.

"If women only had the right to vote!" was all she could say at first.

Abner smiled sardonically. "Yes," he said, "if they could. It's always 'if.' If wishes were two-dollar notes I'd be satisfied."

In his perturbation he picked up the paper that was lying on the table and began to read, while Jane returned to her sewing. There was silence for some minutes until Abner called for the scissors. Jane handed them to him, and he cut a paragraph from the sheet.

"Jane, how many people around here take the Sussex *Weekly?*"

She named several.

"Well, to-morrow morning I want you to go to all the houses and get the papers. I need them."

"What is it, Abner?"

"Oh, nothing much. You know I always make it a rule to cut things out that strike my fancy, and I find in the long-run that a newspaper is the best investment that I make, because it gives me more new ideas than anything else. I calculate that this little piece of paper is worth a hundred dollars, if not more."

He folded it carefully and placed it in his pocket-book.

The next morning after breakfast Jane started out to visit her neighbors to borrow the Sussex *Weekly*. She succeeded in bringing back five copies. Abner was delighted. At dinner she questioned him again, but his only reply was,

"Come down in the store when I close to-night and you will see."

It was a busy day. The next morning the election was to begin. Visitors came constantly to consult the candidate for sheriff. Tricks and rumors of tricks were in the air. Workers wanted money. All asked favors. Everybody whispered fears of defeat in the private office, and boasted of victory to the crowd in front of the store. Major Powderdry, radiant in his optimism, and exhaustless in his declarations of victory, was there.

"We will sweep the country as clean as the celestial dome," he said, "and proud old Sussex will lead the districts in the great battle of free government and low taxes. Gentlemen"—nodding to several smiling members of the opposition—"you'd better join the army, and march through the sea of politics with the children of Israel, for, sure as you're born, it's going to be a damp season for the Egyptians. Take the advice of a friend, and get in out of the wet by voting for Abner Green."

"Major," replied one of the opposition, "there was an Irishman once who happened in a field where there was a large healthy bull. He pulled out a red handkerchief, and the bull began kicking and bellowing. It was very funny. The Irishman laughed so loud that he had to hold his sides. But suddenly the bull came close, and when Paddy picked himself up on the other side of the fence he said, sadly, 'It's a mighty good thing I got that laugh in first.'"

"My dear fellow," said the major, impressively, "I have profound respect for the age of your story, but excuse me if I say that it doesn't fit the case. To-morrow we shall take that bull by the horns, and lead him to the slaughter like a frightened lamb that has been fed on mint sauce just to whet our appetites."

The major was in his element, and he kept up his fire of repartee with undiminished vigor. The crowds gathered, and everybody talked about the morrow. Presently somebody discovered a newspaper clipping pasted on a board placed rather inconspicuously near the desk of the store.

"Hello, Abner, what's this?"

"What's what?"

"This newspaper article?"

"Oh, that! I suppose it is something that John has stuck up for reference." John was the general factotum who often helped Abner in the store. He was a tomb-like character who always did those things that Abner wanted done without being known.

Of course the people crowded around to see what it was. This is what they read:

"LOOK OUT FOR BAD MONEY!

"We are informed that a lot of counterfeit two-dollar notes are in circulation in this State, and some of them have found their way into this county. The bank officers tell us that they are so clearly and perfectly engraved that it is difficult for anybody who is not an expert to tell the differences from the real article. Of course our readers know that it is a crime punishable by imprisonment to attempt to pass these notes, and there is a reward for the arrest of everybody caught in the act. We advise you all to be careful about this thing. Beware of new two-dollar notes."

They read it carefully, and wanted to know its meaning. Abner was very ignorant about it.

"John's simply stuck it up there, I guess. John's a little absent-minded sometimes, and he wants something to keep him from taking in another counterfeit. He took in one, and he looks as if he'd been to a funeral ever since."

"You don't think that any of the bills are around here?" put in one of Abner's political opponents, rather experimentally.

"No; not that I know of. All the two-dollar notes I've seen this week are old, and of course they're all right."

The hour of breaking up came, and the people started for their homes. As they left the store, Major Powderdry stood on the highest step and indulged in more rhetoric.

"To-morrow's setting sun," he said, "is going to witness a sight that will cast new glory on the American eagle. Victory will perch on our standards, and our ticket will go through like a streak of greased lightning. Sleep well, gentlemen, and be at the polls early."

"We'll be there," shouted the major's opponents.

After they had gone and the shutters were put up, Jane came down stairs. She looked around until she discovered the clipping stuck on the board.

"Is that it?" she asked.

"Yes," said Abner, "that's it."

Good weather blessed the day of election. The people were up early. Around the polls there was plenty of life and noise. An election in a rural district differs entirely from an election in the city. Your city people walk to the polls, cast their ballots, and walk away. The highest privilege of citizenship is a matter for expedition. In the country it is an occasion for assembling, for gossip and argument and entreaty. Along the road are carriages and horses, ox carts, wagons, and all the curious kinds of vehicles of the neighborhood. The voters stop to talk and to consult. No hurry disturbs them. They stand around, some whip in hand, some holding tickets, some smoking bad cigars, and all personally interested in the contest. The fences are the reserved seats of the occasion. Up the road in quiet corners are the practical workers with the sinews of war. Behind trees are jugs and bottles of dangerous inspiration. A mercenary voter is never in haste to vote. He canvasses the situation, finds out the resources of both sides, gets frequent exhilaration from the jugs and the bottles, and finally casts his ballot with the largest pecuniary benefit to himself. The efforts of the workers to monopolize this individual are earnest, prolonged, and untiring.

It was this way in Sussex District. Abner Green's friends made a cordon around the polls. The candidate for sheriff was not present at his polling-place, except for a short time to cast his vote, but he was ably represented. The opponents, however, were just as strong, and were all the more dangerous because they remained in the quiet corners up the road, where they could barter without discovery.

In Abner's store matters were quiet, as the chief interest centred at the polls. John was ostensibly in charge. Abner kept watchfully and quietly in the background. He was waiting for developments. About half past seven o'clock he saw a figure coming from the voting-place, and his heart beat more excitedly with anticipation. The man was a surly fellow named Timson, an unconscionable bribe-taker, who had the reputation, to use the phrase of Major Powderdry, "of being able to raise more fuss over a two-cent stamp than Shylock could over a whole carcass."

Timson came into the store, which was the only one near the polls, and bought some tobacco. In payment he proffered a new two-dollar note.

"No, you don't," said John.

"Don't what?"

"We ain't taking no bad money here."

"What do you mean?" said the fellow, with a mixture of indignation and alarm.

"This is what I mean," said John, and taking down the board, he read the article about counterfeits.

Timson was dumfounded. Then he recovered his powers of speech, and deluged the place with his surcharged feelings. In the midst of it, Abner made his appearance.

"Good-morning, Mr. Timson. It's a pleasant day for the election. Have you voted?"

Without replying, Timson called himself various unprintable names, and told Abner how he had been imposed upon by some unnamed scoundrel.

"This is very serious," said Abner. "Of course you thought the money was good, and I don't believe you would want to run the danger of getting arrested by trying to pass a counterfeit. But if I were you I'd make the fellow who gave it to you pay you for it with interest."

Timson, with unmistakable emphasis, declared that he would, and left the store in hot haste. He had just disappeared around the bend of the road when Major Powderdry drove up and dismounted. He rushed to the store, and led Abner into the back shed.

"It's all right," he said. "Our men have got the articles at every polling-place, and they're going to raise the devil just as soon as a two-dollar note appears. How are things here?"

"Timson's just been in with a two-dollar note, which we refused to accept."

"Good!"

"And he's gone back to the polls to see about it. He's hotter than a tin roof in August."

"That's simply magnificent. I'm going down there to help him. You stay here."

The major was lost in a cloud of dust. He urged his horse on until he came near the voting-place, and then slowed up and approached with an easy dignity which seemed to indicate that he had only a passing interest in the momentous events of the day.

But he did not remain passive. All around him the people were talking excitedly. Timson's voice was loud in anger. His charges were taken up by the other rascals who, like himself, had sold their suffrages for two dollars each. The managers of the opposition tried entreaty and pacification, and it looked as if they were making some headway until Major Powderdry jumped into the breach. His face flushed, his fists beat the air, his voice rang out in fury. The people crowded around him.

"It is the most atrocious outrage I ever heard of," he exclaimed. "These men try to pollute the fame and corrupt the citizenship of this district; they insult every honest voter here; and not only that, but they impose on their victims by giving them worthless money. Gentlemen, I repeat that it is the most damnable affront that was ever offered to the decent sentiment of the sovereign people. Where is the man who will swear out warrants against these persons?"

In the face of the indignation the opponents beat a retreat to an obscure corner of the road where they could consult. Major Powderdry took charge of the work. Every arrival was deluged with stories of the worthless money, were told how the opponents of Abner Green were trying to defeat him by debauching and bribing voters, and was led to the polls through a line of Abner Green's friends. The other side did not recover from the set back; it could not cope with the tireless energy and exhaustless adjectives of Major Powderdry.

And so the work went bravely on until—until—

Major Powderdry, dust-covered and husky, rushed into the house of Abner Green. It was past sunset, and the voting was over. Abner jumped forward to hear the result.

"Not yet—not yet," exclaimed the major, with a majestic wave of his oratorical arm. "Bring out your demijohn—your large demijohn. I have got four acres of dust and five summer fogs in my throat, and I'm doomed to certain death unless I get a drink within the next five minutes."

Abner supplied the demand with welcome alacrity.

"Consider yourself decorated with a life-saving medal," said the major.

"Now tell me how it all went."

"You know when I left here this morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, as soon as I arrived there I began to raise thunder, and, by Jove, we kept it raised until the polls closed! We simply knocked the other side out on the first round, and then hollered them mum. The fates favored us when Timson came up to the store. When he got back, he bellowed like a bull, and the more he bellowed the more we egged him on, and pretty soon we had things our own way. I discovered that about five or ten years ago, Cartridge, who was handling the money for the other side, had got mixed up in some of that green-goods business in one of the cities; he was innocent undoubtedly, but that didn't make any difference. I went up to him and whispered: 'Look here,

Mr. Cartridge, you can't come any of your green-goods game on these people. We want a fair election, and we're going to have it. If you pay out any more of those two-dollar notes, we'll put you in the penitentiary, and keep you there till your head gets bald!"

"What did he say?"

"Nothing. I didn't give him time to say anything. We were too busy keeping up the cry of bribery and counterfeit to discuss side issues. We laid it on heavy. The people backed me up nobly. I talked more than I ever did in all my life. As the voters came up, we never let them go until we gave them the whole story with a lot of ornament. We told them of the plot to defeat you, and let them know plainly that the decent people were not going to allow any such an outrage. And the negroes! Oh, Abner, you ought to have seen how we managed them! I got hold of Big Jim, for I knew he had more influence with his race than any one else, and promised him that you would pay him five dollars to-morrow if he would scare the negroes with the counterfeit story, and keep them away from those new two-dollar notes. It worked beautifully. The other fellows are swearing like pirates. They're beaten. I know that we have carried this district."

"But how about the county?"

"I haven't heard a word. Let's wait awhile, and see if we can get any news."

They waited. In an hour the result of that precinct came in. The counting of the vote had been completed. It gave Abner a majority of 167—fully 100 more than he expected. An hour later a rider brought news from the adjoining voting-place. The counterfeit dodge had worked successfully. Abner had a majority there of 45, when he did not expect more than 15 or 20. Matters looked bright. About ten o'clock a messenger from the opposite direction arrived. He came from the district adjoining the county town. The counterfeit dodge had been a failure. As soon as it was sprung, the workers had rushed on horseback into town, and had their new money changed for old. They got back without much loss of time, and swept the district against Abner by a majority of 284.

"I'm nearly dead," exclaimed the major, "but I can't stand this. I'm going to town."

Others joined him, and off they started at full gallop. Abner remained at home. If he was elected, all well and good; if not, he wasn't going to be in town to let the people see his disappointment.

He and Jane went to bed, but not to sleep. He tried to feel calm, but his mind refused to be quiet. He turned and twisted. His eyes would not stay closed. The clock struck the hours. Time seemed to crawl along. Four o'clock came. Toward five the minutes were travelling when he heard the sound of horses' hoofs coming at breakneck speed up the road. A minute more there was a halt before his store, and a mighty shout of "Hurrah for Green!"

Above the din was the major's voice, "Come out, Abner."

Abner appeared at the window in short order, and as soon as his white-robed form was seen, the shouts were trebled in vigor. The major tried to make a speech, and his companions tried to help him, but it was not a brilliant success. They were full of very bad liquor, and Abner was full of the emotions of a man who has run his first campaign and won.

"Come away from that window, or you'll catch cold," said a small, shrill voice; but Abner did not hear.

He stood there listening to the revelry. By-and-by the revellers got tired, and with more hurrahs started on their way, making the night hideous as they went with bacchanalian sounds, which might be interpreted into something about not going home until morning.

Abner felt proud of the exhibition, but Jane lost no time in declaring that it was scandalous.

A week later Abner and Jane were sitting in their room. The store had been closed for the night. In the fireplace the logs burned lazily, and the shaded lamp sent its rays upon Jane's knitting and Abner's newspaper.

"I am certainly thankful it's all over," said Jane. "I hadn't any peace from the time the campaign started. But I'm truly glad that you are elected, and it did my heart good to read the fine things that the newspaper said about you. And yet, Abner, I feel rather sorry in having to leave this store and our old friends."

"We won't leave them all, dear. I saw Major Powderdry to-day, and told him that I would like to do something to show my appreciation of his work, but the best I could do was to offer him the position of deputy, which I would be very glad if he would accept."

"Did he?"

"Yes; he accepted. He's been after an office for twenty years, and this is the first real chance that he had had, so he did not let it escape. And speaking of the major reminds me that we took in three of those new two-dollar notes to-day. I gave one to John. Here is one that I want you to frame with that newspaper clipping, as a souvenir of our first campaign."

"And the other?"

"I guess I'll send that to renew my subscription to the Sussex *Weekly*."

GOING TO THE GRAND PRIX.

Le Grand Prix de Paris—that is the greatest of all French events of the turf—compares with the Derby. Hippic reputations are made during that summer meeting at Longchamps. As to the course itself, it is the finest in the world, and is reputed by the knowing ones to be the fastest. On the occasion when the Grand Prix, the prize of prizes, is contested for, it is said that all Paris, half London, and as much of New York as can get there looks on the course.

Mr. Smedley's sketch shows two of a cavalcade *en route* for the Bois de Boulogne, bent on being present at the great race. Certainly *cette belle* demoiselle is an equestrienne of finished grace. She is accompanied by her father. The artist has seized the moment when the lady's horse shows his fine-strung spirits. The rider does not seem surprised or flurried. As a capable horsewoman, she keeps her eyes well ahead of her, in case the animal should feel inclined to bolt. Her pose is charming; so perfect, that a cavalry officer on the sidewalk cannot but admire her. *Monsieur le père* has a good solid seat, that of the cavalier used to the Bois, who has passed around the Arc de Triomphe many a time. He bestrides a more sober steed than the young lady, and the flowers in his buttonholes during the canter will not lose a leaflet. From the Barrière de l'Etoile to the entrance of the Bois the distance is short. On such an occasion the broad *allées* are thronged. If "tout Paris" rides on horseback, what remains drives to the race-course. Elegant equipages encumber the way. Mounted police ride up and down, and try their best to prevent entanglements. Perhaps that rougher element found in England has a greater facility in attending race-grounds than the same class in France. The road to the race-course takes, then, a more elegant form in Paris. Has *Monsieur le père* given mademoiselle the proper tip? Has she a favorite? Has she made her book with gloves or bonbons? A good many millions of francs change hands in France on such an occasion; and as to the gloves and sugar-plums, no statistician could ever estimate their quantity.

ANIMALS ON THE MOVE.

From an English review I learn with satisfaction how the great ant-eater, a mere worm for courage, can turn on his tormentor. "Oh!" said the man, whose mission it is to plague animals; "that is just one of those creatures I can bother with impunity. He looks as if made to be provoked. I will proceed at once to annoy him. No keepers around? Here is my chance." Then the party poked the ant-eater with his brand-new umbrella. The animal took a prod or two in a subdued manner. Then, quick as a flash, he wound his great flexible tongue around the umbrella, and with a muscular movement of his snout stripped the silk covering of the umbrella clear of its ribs. Then the ant-eater retired in a dignified manner, went sound asleep, and a man left the Zoo with but the skeleton of an umbrella.

Experimenting with animals within certain reasonable bounds has always been a habit of mine. I think the first experiment I ever made was with an elephant. I was then of a tender age. It was at that happy time when peppermint was dropped on paper, like buttons on a shirt front. I had no conception of the greediness of the elephant. I offered him in a guileless way my paper of peppermint drops. He took advantage of my innocence. He was not content with two or three peppermints. He swallowed them, paper and all. I might have been disgusted with his bad manners, but I really was apprehensive that the paper would make him ill. I never heard that he was any the worse for it. Poor old elephant! I followed him in his peregrinations for many years, and it grieved me much when a good while afterward I heard the volley fired into him.

I am, I trust, to be forgiven in later years for having experimented with an ostrich. My punishment was merited. I was turned out of the Royal Amsterdam Zoological Gardens. I think it was Frank Buckland who put me up to it, because he had vaunted the wonderful digestive powers of the ostrich. I do not mean to intimate that he said anything like this: "Try it on those Dutch birds, but not on ours in the Zoo. Whatever an ostrich can swallow, he can digest. It is the bulk of the thing, not its sort, that bothers an ostrich." I had fed the Amsterdam *Struthio camelus* with Dutch buns, and he had bolted an uncommon quantity at my expense; and still he looked Oliver-Twistish. I was watching for that beautiful sliding node formed in the neck when the ostrich makes a large swallow. But the massive cannon-ball Amsterdam buns were as pills for that bird. I had a London *Times*, supplement and all, and I rolled it up into three ovoid forms, and fed them to the ostrich. He made no bones over it. I saw the nodes beautifully accentuated, when the faithful custodians of the Zoninklijk Zoologish Genootschap, marched me out. I am pleased to state that the ostrich lived many years afterward. Even more, I was forgiven, or maybe forgotten, because some years ago I was the recipient of a very kind letter from the society for some practical work done in the field of natural history.

The fine condition of the animals at Central Park is indicative of the care taken of them and the good judgment of the superintendent, Mr. W. A. Conklin. The public see and admire the collection, and forget how constant is the vigilance exercised. I am gathering some information from Mr. Conklin in his office, and a keeper comes in, with his face beaming with pleasure, and he says, "The jaguar eat a fair piece of meat, sir, and lapped a lot of water; and I do think he is coming round."

"That case is one of want of care in shipping an animal to us," said Mr. Conklin. "The jaguar was confined in a small box during a long sea-voyage, and has become probably cramped. I have thought that if he were rubbed down with liniment it might do him good. You never saw a jaguar under treatment? Come and look."

It was, of course, novel to witness a jaguar under massage. Three keepers who undertook the task entered the cage, using brooms for purposes of friction. The poor brute was very much used up. He was young, about the size of a mastiff. He did not take to the rubbing of him down with pleasure. He seemed unconscious that it was for his own good. The liniment was poured on his back despite his hissing and snapping. He was neatly and quietly worked over by the three keepers. In case of need, a short iron bar was put in the cage, but there was no necessity to use it. The poor brute was too stiff to offer much resistance.

Animals at particular seasons have to be moved from their winter to their summer quarters in Central Park. This exodus takes place with certain animals about the middle of May, and Mr. F. S. Church's page of illustration gives an excellent idea of it. Tippoo Sahib on such occasions gives his valuable services. On the move, he is worth more than a great many truckmen with their horses. He has in his charge the camel house, a fairly heavy structure, thirty feet long by twenty broad. This was put on rollers, and Tippoo applied his massive forehead and breast to the building, and without much apparent force he shoved it a distance of 400 yards. Tippoo is a royal Indian elephant, and was a present of some Rajah to Victor Emmanuel. Not being a very amiable brute, at least at certain seasons, he was disposed of by the Italian government after Victor Emmanuel's death, and came into the possession of Mr. Forepaugh, who presented the elephant to the Park. When in the circus business his vast strength was often called on to move vans and wagons which had been mired. Tippoo wears at the tips of his long tusks two brass balls weighing fourteen pounds each. If you look at a massive wooden door which separates Tip from the other two elephants, you can see by the dints in the wood with what prodigious force the animal can drive those pointed ivories. To me an elephant's eye possesses some traits which are almost human. In certain lights it is of a clear hazel, with gray tinges. It is the most thoughtful animal eye I know of. Not placid, not stolid, but ever on the alert. I do not think that it mirrors in the least what is going on in his huge brain. It is not exactly sinister, nor is it an uncanny eye, only suspicious when the animal casts a backward glance at you. Tippoo will balance a weight of 9000 pounds, and has increased 1000 pounds during the last twelve months.

Making alligators change quarters cannot be a pleasant job. Those at the Park are Floridian. The big one, which took four men to move, will weigh two hundred pounds. He has been a New-Yorker for the last two years, but civilization has not improved him. He will eat twenty pounds of horse per diem. It is an art for four men to carry one alligator. If he grows, a fifth man may be necessary so as to become a kind of brake for his tail. If the transfer were made later than June, the trouble would increase, because when warm weather sets in the alligator shakes off his lethargy and becomes active. The smaller 'gators offered little resistance. They weigh from ten to twenty-five pounds. Mr. Church showed me how the small ones all seemed to head up one way, as if following the sun. Mr. Conklin tells me that the little alligators may all be sprawling on the ground, but if there is a shower they at once scuttle for the water.

Make room for the Caliph and his lovely spouse, the Lady Fatima! This is no figurative introduction of the hippopotami at the Park, for when they do move, ample room is given them by the keepers, or to explain it perfectly, those who have them in charge do not care to be too close to them. The way it is done is to make a runway of heavy timbers from their winter-quarters, which are under cover, to their summer ones, which are in the open air. Last year the hippos gave some trouble; this spring none at all. Fatima seemed to remember her last year's experiences. The runway had been prepared the day before, and the big brutes seemed to understand what it meant. Bright and early Fatima sighed, grunted, let me say, to be correct, and rubbed against the bars. The instant the coast was clear off she bolted, followed impetuously by her lord. There was no use of the keeper's acting as fugleman. The charge of that heavy brigade was so precipitous that the keeper, like a bull-fighter, had to leap the barriers so as to get out of the way. The Caliph weighs a solid two tons, and Fatima 600 or 700 pounds less. These hippos are from the Nile. That Fatima had a baby last year is well known. I handled the skull of that little hippo at the Museum of Natural History lately, and a very solid bony structure is it. How wide a hippo can open his mouth, I was curious to learn. Could a flour-barrel find a place there? It looked as big as all out-of-doors. In taking a loaf of bread, chucked into the Caliph's vast gullet, it occupied much less room proportionately than would a small ginger-snap in the adult man's mouth.

"Oh! he doesn't open his mouth to any extent when he gets his food. It is when he gapes that the stretch of his jaws is superb," said Mr. Conklin, with all the zest of a naturalist. Then Mr. Conklin took a piece of wood two and a half feet long, and held it between the upper and lower jaws of the hippopotamus, and the measure was far too small.

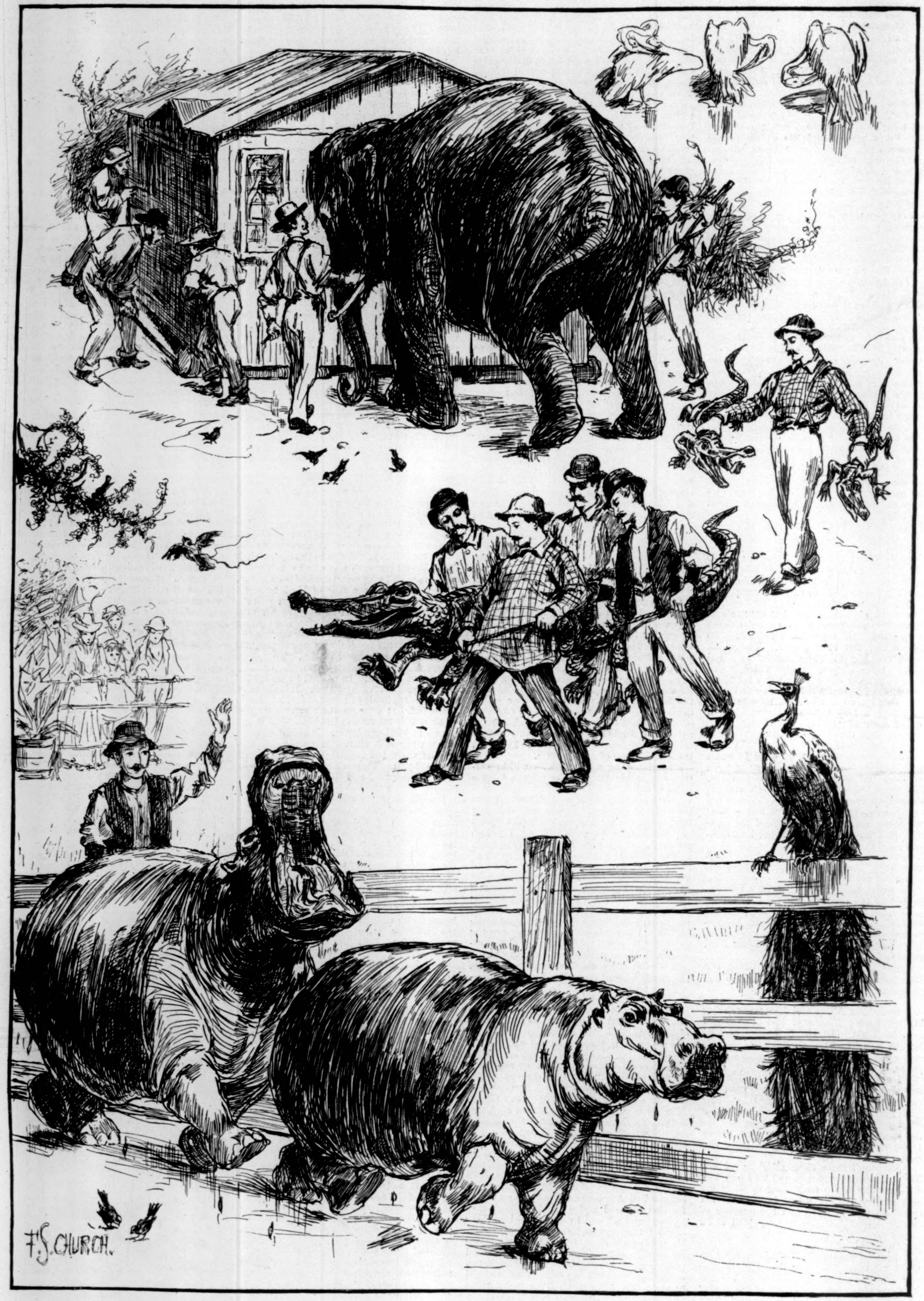
"I should say something over three feet would about measure the width of the opening when Caliph takes a comfortable yawn," said Mr. Conklin, reflectively.

Of a hippo's ability to take a mouthful of boat or canoe there can be no question. The blunt fangs could chew up anything excepting steel plate. Hippopotami are not amiable nor social, and so Caliph is neither taken to be better nor worse tempered than those of his kind. These brutes in their pool, which is twelve feet deep, can stand very comfortably at the bottom of it. Mr. Conklin times their period of submergence at about four minutes. The eye of the hippo may be wonderfully constructed for peculiar conditions; but considered in an artistic sense it is a very ugly eye. It bulges, looks goggled, and is the eye of a drunkard. Having once eaten a portion of perfectly cured and smoked Nilotic hippo, I must declare it to be fairly good and palatable meat, scarcely distinguishable from a rasher of bacon.

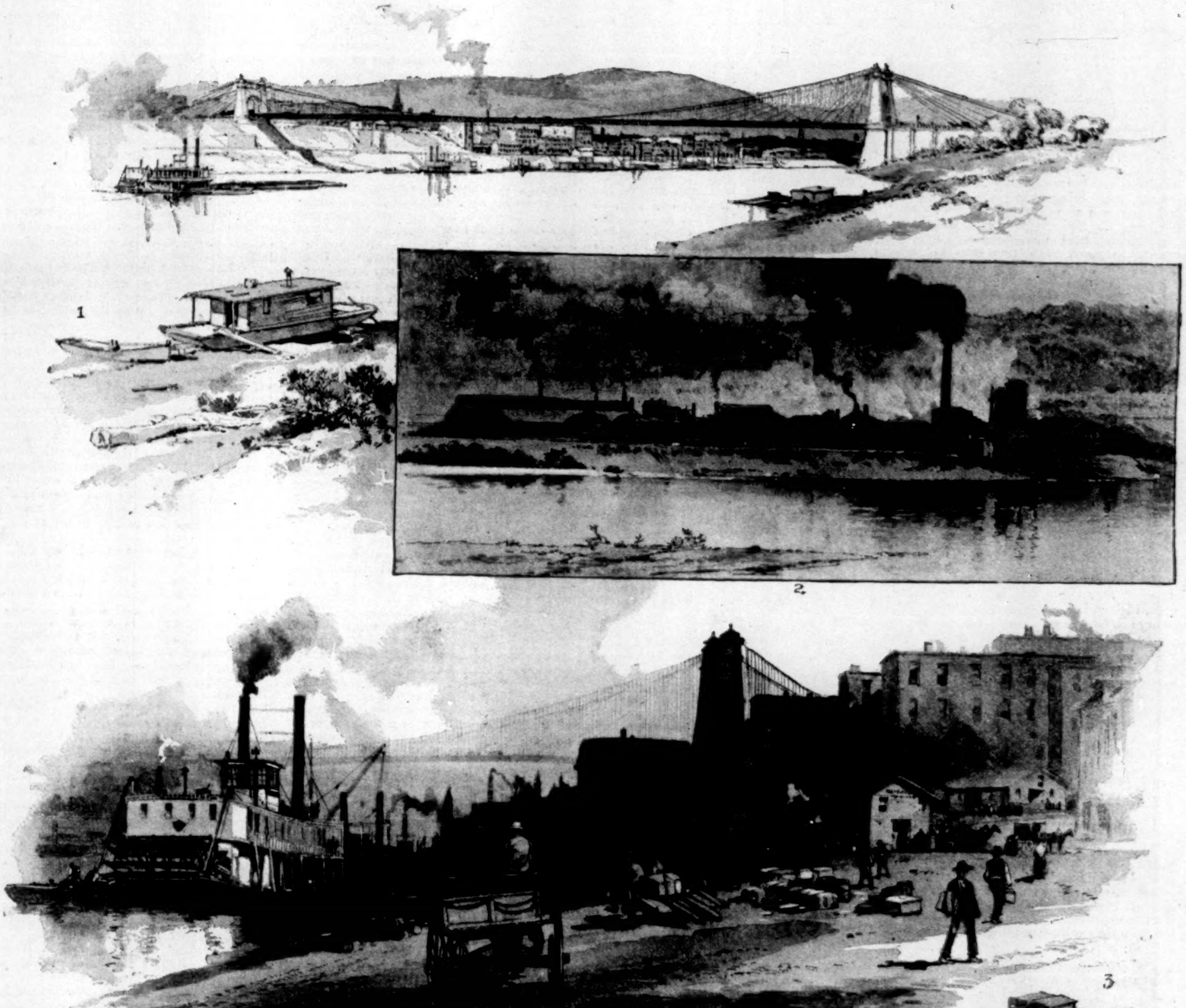
It is amusing to witness the cheekiness of the young sea-lion as he bids the pelicans make way for him. He barks at them in a petulant way, expecting them to skurry. They take little notice of him. If he is too offensive, they indulge in a snap at him with their scissor-like bills, and he immediately subsides. In the Park there are pelicans from Florida, from the West, with some European varieties. The last pelican I killed was on the Gulf side of the Florida coast. I never could have secured him if he had not gorged himself with mullets. Though I wanted him for study, I remembered for a long time the reproachful look he gave me. He stared and stared at me until the death film glazed his great bird eyes. Pelicans are playful birds among themselves. They catch hold of one another's long and graceful necks with their uncouth bills, and you would think that strangulation would ensue; but the bites are loving ones, and their snappings all for the fun of the thing. B. P.

RESULT OF RECENT CUSTOM-HOUSE SEIZURES.

UNCLE SAM. "W-a-a-l, neow! I wonder heow this would strike Wash', Lafe! an' the rest of the boys."



REMOVING THE ANIMALS FROM THE WINTER TO THE SUMMER QUARTERS OF THE CENTRAL PARK MENAGERIE.
DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—[SEE PAGE 487.]



WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.—DRAWN BY CHARLES GRAHAM.—[SEE PAGE 491.]

1. Distant View of Wheeling. 2. Riverside Steel and Tube Works, at Benwood. 3. The Levee. 4. Wheeling Island, from the Ohio side.

ATHLETICS IN AND AROUND NEW YORK.

(Continued from page 476, Supplement.)

Among the other games sometimes indulged in are rope-climbing, sack races, potato races, three-legged races, the "hitch and kick," throwing the base-ball, and kicking the foot-ball. The sack race, in which each competitor has his lower limbs encased in a sack, holding up the open end with his hands, is farcical, and always amuses the audience. The potato race is generally very funny also, but it is a genuine test of speed. A number of potatoes are placed on the ground at even distances, and the competitors, starting from scratch, must bring each potato separately and place it in a receptacle provided for the purpose. The three-legged race was no doubt originally intended to be simply amusing, but practice has given competitors such skill that falls are rare, and very good time is made. The right leg of one man and the left leg of another are bound together at the ankle and the knee; the two grasp each other about the waist, and run, keeping step "woman fashion," or left with right. Of course if a false start is made, or the partners get out of step, there is a fall.

For five years past a contest has been held for the individual general athletic championship of the United States, each competitor being obliged to reach a certain standard. Here is a list of the events and standards:

1. 100-yards run, 11½ seconds.
2. Throwing 56-lb. weight, 18 feet.
3. Running high jump, 5 feet.
4. 440-yards run, 58 seconds.
5. Putting 16-lb. shot, 32 feet.
6. Pole-vaulting, 8 feet 6 inches.
7. 120-yds. hurdle race (10 hurdles 42 in. high), 20½ sec.
8. Throwing 16-lb. hammer, 70 feet.
9. Running broad jump, 18 feet.
10. One mile run, 5 minutes 30 seconds.

Mr. Malcolm W. Ford has won the championship four times, and Mr. A. A. Jordan once, their principal competitor being Mr. George R. Gray.

The bad feeling which once existed between the New York and Manhattan clubs, and which led to the formation and the maintenance for several years of separate national organizations, is now happily gone. All the clubs have come together in the Amateur Athletic Union—the "A. A. U.," as it is generally called for short—and harmony prevails throughout the United States. Such an organization is desirable and necessary for many reasons, but mainly because of the good-fellowship it cultivates among athletes everywhere, and because it prevents any conflict of the dates of open meetings. Individual clubs are often dissatisfied with the action of the A. A. U. on some particular point, but the advantages of union are too great to be overbalanced by any temporary injustice, either fancied or real; and there seems to be no reason why the A. A. U. should not live many years. Here are the dates fixed for the open out-door meetings for the season of 1890:

May 10—Manhattan Athletic Club.
May 17—American Athletic Club.
May 24—Staten Island Athletic Club.
May 26—Park Athletic Club.
May 30—New Jersey Athletic Club.
May 31—Intercollegiate Association.
June 7—New York Athletic Club.
June 12—Actors' Amateur Athletic Association.
June 14—Acorn Athletic Club.
June 14—Athletic Club of the Schuylkill Navy.
June 21—Berkeley Athletic Club.
June 28—Amateur Ath. Union Eastern Championship.
June 28—Lorillard Debating and Athletic Association.
July 4—Scottish-American Athletic Club.
July 5—National Athletic Club.
July 12—Riverside Athletic Club.
July 19—Manhattan Athletic Club.
July 26—Star Athletic Club.
Aug. 2—Lorillard Debating and Athletic Association.
Aug. 9—West End Athletic Association of Newark.
Aug. 16—Pastime Athletic Club.
Aug. 23—American Athletic Club.
Aug. 30—New Jersey Athletic Club.
Sept. 1—Staten Island Athletic Club.
Sept. 6—Riverside Athletic Club.
Sept. 13—A. A. U. Championships at Washington.
Sept. 13—Lorillard Debating and Athletic Association.
Sept. 20—Manhattan Athletic Club.
Sept. 22—New York Turn Bezirk.
Sept. 27—West Side Athletic Club.
Oct. 4—New York Athletic Club.
Oct. 11—Manhattan Athletic Club.

The meetings so far held have been fully attended, and very largely by the same athletes, for they are open to all members of clubs connected with the A. A. U. Some records have already been broken, and some new champions will be developed this season

After all, however, the real object of athletic organizations should not be, and in most cases is not, to break records and to produce champions. Their main purpose should be the development of healthy bodies in all their members. That club is really the most successful which benefits the most of its members, whether it also and incidentally produces champions or not. These facts are recognized far more generally to-day than they were even as lately as ten years ago. All the good clubs now have their gymnasiums, with varied apparatus for the development of all parts of the body. Some of them have swimming tanks; all have bath-rooms. The better-appointed club-houses contain bowling-alleys, billiard-rooms, rooms for fencing and for boxing, a good running track, rowing machines, and all sorts of gymnastic appliances. Most important of all, a few have regular instructors, who are at the club-house every day, and conduct classes and give private advice and instruction to the members. Without such advice and instruction novices nearly always overdo, and so either injure themselves or become disgusted and stop exercising.

Of all such instructors no doubt the best known is Mr. George Goldie, of the N. Y. A. C., formerly instructor in gymnastics at Princeton College, a sketch of whose fine head illustrates our text. Mr. Goldie has been at his present post for about seven years, and to him in no small degree the success of the club is due. Certainly it is mainly due to him that the club is one of the best institutions in the world in which men of ordinary build and no especial athletic proficiency build up their strength and improve their general health. It will astonish any one who has never been inside the club-house to examine the ingenious apparatus—some of it devised by Mr. Goldie himself—for strengthening the neck, the back, the fingers, the wrists, the abdominal muscles—in fact, all parts of the body. The N. Y. A. C. is celebrated for the number of its champions, but it deserves to be still more celebrated for the excellence of its provision for helping its ordinary members. The eminence of the Berkeley Club in this respect has already been referred to. As the clubs become larger and richer, all will be provided with houses containing as good facilities as are now enjoyed by members of the New York, the Manhattan, and the Berkeley. There will be a more general diffusion of athletic education among young men. The result can hardly fail to be the gradual evolution of a higher and better type of physical manhood.

THE ENGLISH AT HOME.

BY JULIAN RALPH.

Ten weeks in England will not qualify a man to write laws for the English, but they will give him seventy days in which to observe what goes on about him over there. In that time I saw very little, yet I was more fortunate than most tourists, for I was invited to half a dozen English homes that were representative of the life of the "better classes," I was taken to two or three of the most notable events in the elegant life of London "in the season," and I saw the interiors of several clubs. This is not my boast; it is my authority for what I am about to say.

The typical English home is repellent without, no matter how fascinating its interior. In city, village, and country it is always walled in. I read in my guide-book that "the most stately mansions in May Fair, Belgravia, and Tyburnia contribute to the gay throng in Rotten Row," and then I went to those prettily named regions, only to see rows of great dull houses, usually covered with stucco or painted drab, and with high walls in front of their gardens, when they have gardens. "Exclusiveness" gains a sharper definition to the mind when one has seen these dead-looking houses and walled-in grounds of the aristocrats; a still deeper meaning when one sees the inevitable soldiers, in addition to the walls, wherever royalty is housed, even to the third and fourth generation. But this is worthy of a word more when we come to share the hospitalities behind the walls.

First a few words about the people. While I was waiting to take a train to Brighton one day, the Princess of Wales and her unmarried daughters came flying into the station behind a drab-colored locomotive, which carried the Prince's three feathers in front of the boiler and over each set of driving-wheels. The engine pulled two cars—a parlor coach of mahogany with plate-glass windows, and a baggage coach. On the instant, as the train stopped, servants in gold-lace came out of it and swarmed all about it. Four lustrous coaches, in the charge of drivers wearing leather cockades, drew up on the opposite side of the concrete landing-place. The flunkies flew about, and while some talked to the drivers, and others went into the parlor coach, four busied themselves at spreading an enormous roll of purple carpet over the concrete. On purple carpet, wherever it is possible to spread it, royalty always walks when out-of-doors in England. When it walks on the bare ground or stones it is *incog.*, as when it goes shopping, for instance.

Wishing to see whatever was to be seen, I was met by a police inspector, and then I noticed that there were policemen at every few feet between royalty and the people. "I am an American," said I. To say you are an American in England is precisely like saying you are a reporter in America. Rules vanish at the words. The beautiful Princess and her two stocky, German-looking daughters tripped over the carpet and into a carriage just, it seemed to me, as any other ladies would have done. A flunky banged the door with an extra bang, and then took off his cap and received the instructions he was to give to the driver. Those given, away went the carriage, followed by the other carriages with the maids and some of the flunkies. In the mean time there had been rolled out of the baggage car a mountain of bags and trunks and boxes and baskets, all covered with black leather, and all stamped "H.R.H. the Princess This," or "H.R.H. the Princess That," or "H.R.H. the Prince of Wales." It will interest every one to know that each of the ladies carried a bag of pillows, and the Prince carried a basket of newspapers; also that there was at least one flunky for every article of baggage. As for the Princess's car, it was not comparable with a Pullman day car; it was merely a mahogany room on wheels, with tables and chairs scattered about in it.

At Brighton—which is to London what Long Branch would be to New York if the gamblers had not degraded it—I saw thousands of the cultivated and the well-to-do English. The men dressed better than ours do, because the climate permits them to do so. They nearly all wore patent-leather shoes, which keep soft and lustrous in that moist atmosphere, whereas they are cracked here both by our heat and our cold. Old men, who desired to, wore baggy Knickerbockers and long ribbed stockings, and, better yet, they put them on in London when leaving there and wore them back to town again. The young fellows wore suits of flannels and cricket caps in the daytime, and—like the ladies, who put on fur capes or boas over their gingham dresses—they wore overcoats over their flannels if they needed them. The girls under twenty wore their hair down their backs loose, or caught with a ribbon near the bottom. Their mothers wore theirs short behind and banged in front, or drawn tight back from their faces over a coil behind. A great many very "swell" women wore sailor dresses, with low broad collars and with low necks covered by false shirts of striped stuff. They seemed to insist that their gowns should never be made to fit; but this must be said, whether their gowns fitted or not, a lady over there always looked like a lady Their women walk better than ours—straight and with their heads up and their shoulders back, with steady, fearless eyes and composed features. And then the children. The boys all wore sailor suits if they were small, and "Eton" suits if they were twelve to fifteen years old. You see ten thousand boys so dressed in London. The Eton suit consists of a pot hat, a jacket cut with a point behind, and over the top of it a flat, big, laundried linen collar. The trousers are like any trousers. The little girls always had on the shortest dresses possible to make or imagine, with startling lengths of bare legs, always sun-browned to within two shades of the color of their shoes. The indifference of the women (I am speaking of gentlewomen) to the arrangement of their drapery when they sat down was startling. So it was when they walked in the rain in London. But it was only at first that it startled; afterward one realized that American taste, which prefers draggled skirts, is poor taste, and that American opinion, which views with alarm the display of a shoe-top, is not only wrong in itself, but it begets an evil view of a simple neglect, be it that neglect inadvertent or be it necessary.

In the first English home I visited the gentleman of the house seemed anxious to get me out into his garden as quickly as possible. I suppose his garden was 70 feet wide by 300 feet deep, yet if I insist that you could never have seen any reason to believe that it was not a mile square in size, had you stood at any point in it, you will understand how ingeniously it was ordered. It is his boast that it was arranged by the contractor who laid out the Crystal Palace grounds. By cutting off a path on either side; by means of tall hedges, and by piling tons upon tons of dirt in tiny hills at either end and in the middle; by growing clumps of trees here and there, with pavilions and bowery seats beneath them—he had totally robbed his guests of the power to measure the enclosure they walked in. You could not see his house once you got twenty-five feet from it, and at no point could you see either end or either side of the grounds. Of course it was a beautiful garden, with lawns like rich carpets, with flowers radiant and luxuriant as in a hot-house, with trees such as only England can boast, massing their foliage in soft and graceful heaps like clouds of greenery.

"Ah," said he, proudly, "it took years to get it, but now we can boast that, no matter who may try, there is no point from which any neighbor or passer-by can see any one in this garden."

"That must be the English idea," said I. "That must account for the walls I see everywhere, even around enclosures so small that they are kept damp and mouldy for want of sun and air. Why do you take such pains to hide your pretty places from your neighbors and the world? It has struck me as the very height of selfishness. I am used to seeing and half enjoying the breathing-grounds of the rich, but your city mansions and country houses compel me to walk forever beside walls that shut you and your finery in, as if you were afraid that the poor or the strangers might rob you of your luxury by looking at it."

"Not rob us," said this gentleman; "but my idea is this: that if a man can't be private in his own house and garden, why live at all? I demand some one place where I may be unobserved, uncriticised, beyond curious, prying eyes. There can be but one such place—a man's own home."

"But see the difference between the countries," said I. "All over America, in hundreds of little cities, a vigorous movement toward removing all front fences has long been revolutionizing and beautifying our country. Furthermore, where I live, in a town of 5000 inhabitants, the houses are all set in a woodland growth, and the woods, cut in blocks between the streets, are the common garden of all the people."

"Monstrous!" said he. "You could not induce my countrymen to live so. The animals in a menagerie have the better of you, for three sides of their cages are walled up, while you are forever on exhibition."

Quite as typical of his nation was this man's knowledge of all the flowers about him, his familiarity with the names and characters of his trees, his love of animals, as seen in the number of cats and dogs around him, and in the number of cages of birds in the windows and on the walls. If the English have emigrated and built up colonies wherever there was earth to seize upon, it is not strange. "Every Englishman wants his acre," and "At forty an Englishman begins to dig," are two of their proverbs. I was told that the hay crop of little England is as great as the rubber crop of South America, and that points the same moral.

The next home I visited had a garden that the owner was equally proud of, but it was the ordinary English garden of flowers and sward, walled in with a tall stone wall. When we Americans say that our home is our castle, we little suspect how true the phrase is to the average Englishman. His home is a castle into which you may not break, nor even peep.

"I have spent about £20,000 upon this house and lot in one way or another," said this second Englishman, a famous scholar and a magistrate, "and the lease has fifty years yet to run."

"Lease!" said I. There was another queer phase of life I was running upon wherever I went. Continually I heard of men beautifying their homes and building magnificent properties to present them some day to a nobleman or landlord of one sort or another. "Then," I added, "this is all to belong to Lord So-and-so in fifty years?"

"Yes," said he. "In that lord's father's time this thickly built and fashionable suburb was all in farms. This lord's son will be one of the great landed proprietors of England. On every hundred feet is a mansion, and every mansion will go to the son or to his son."

"But you, how do you feel about it?"

"I never think about it. If I were an American I suppose it would trouble me, but I was brought up to it. I am a landlord myself in another part of the country. I live here because it is convenient and a respectable neighborhood. I improve the property because I want to be comfortable. When I die my son will not need to spend much money upon it, or if he sells his lease he will get back a great part of what I have spent, for I have spent wisely. You talk of owning your own home. Man alive! if you own your home while you live, and forty years afterward, what on earth do you ask beyond that?"

What an English home would be without tea, I cannot imagine. What England itself would be without that beverage, it is difficult to conceive. It is no exaggeration to say that one might as well try to fancy New York city without a bar-room. They drink enough liquor in England, Heaven knows—enough to float our navy. But the liquor-drinking is incidental, while tea-drinking is apparently essential to the national life. Where we see advertisements of patent medicines in America, they see advertisements of tea. "O & O Tea," "Tip-top Tea," "Wonderful Tea," "Ceylon Tea"—these words stare at the British from every dead-wall, on every 'bus, in every newspaper. And no foreigner can escape the actual substance or fluid any more than the native can avoid the advertisements. You have tea for breakfast, tea for luncheon, tea at late supper. You only miss it at dinner, but mean while you have had it at five o'clock. If you call on your banker in his office, on your friend in his home, on your fellow-lodger in your hotel, he rings a bell, and tea is brought in with thin slices of buttered bread, or, if ladies are present, with tarts.

Why, the editor of one of the principal newspapers in England told me that every man-jack in his establishment—clerks, reporters, publisher, and editors—has tea at five o'clock every day as sure as that hour arrives. "And it is a most excellent practice," said he, sipping from his own cup in his delightful home; "for it brings all the people together as nothing else could do, and we find out from one another just what each one has been doing or is going to do during the day."

Tea! tea! tea! Was ever a nation so enslaved? Whatever they do, wherever they go, they have their tea. There is no commodity or habit in America to liken to that in England. They cannot eat without it, visit without it, assemble at home without it, picnic without it, or attend to business without it.

And such tea! They say we Americans do not know what tea is. If they know, we certainly do not, for never have I tasted such tea as I got nearly everywhere in England—such biting, strong, nerve-murdering, sleep-dispelling, drug-like tea. I had to weaken it at least one-half, and then I found it aromatic and pleasant—that is to say, as nearly pleasant as that sick-room decoction ever can be to a masculine, coffee-drinking American.

Coffee-drinking, did I say? That reminds me that coffee is murdered in England until one would think that all the delightful visions of the mind and all the exquisite sensations of the entire human system which coffee has created would turn into mighty powers of vengeful evil, and crush that clumsy nation for the cruelty of its behavior toward the West-Indian bean. They know no more how to make a cup of coffee in England than they do how to judge an Irishman fairly. Coffee, soup, and the Irish are beyond the capacity and comprehension of the British intellect. I admire England; she gave me a

delightful vacation, she is the mother of our patriot founders, she is the apostle of Old-World progress, but when the subject of coffee is mentioned in the same breath with a mention of England, my feelings fly away with my judgment, and all I can remark is in keeping with the thought of the American who was told the other day that if America did not do thus and so, England would crush us. "What! *again?*" said the Yankee.

They told me I must go to France to taste coffee properly made. I went to France, and now I know better. America is the only land where coffee is treated with that circumspection, delicate courtesy, and hearty respect which it is capable of extorting from those who have souls to know its worth. They make "black coffee" well in France, and they make that out of a tincture of chiccory called "coffee essence"; but there is a wide difference, in my opinion, between coffee and black coffee. "There are two kinds of good," I once heard a New Jersey farmer say; "good and good for nothing."

As for the drinking of spirits, the thing that surprises an American is the drinking by women in England. I have said that the bar-rooms are often as well patronized by women as by men, and I may add that at Sunday and summer resorts (and on the way to and from them) the frequency with which I met tipsy women astonished me. These were common women, of course, but they were of the class that we denominate "poor" over here. They were not outcasts. But I cannot do justice to that striking phase of life on the other side unless I say that in the fine homes to which I was invited I also found the women drinking. "My wife and I take whiskey," said one gentleman at dinner; "my daughters drink claret; but you have whatever you wish." At one country house which was filled with visitors I lay awake one night when all the ladies came back from a dance. The butler had put upon the dining-room table bottles of whiskey, port, sherry, claret, champagne, gin, and Bass's ale, and as each man or couple came, he asked them what they would have. Of all the ladies, only one declined to take anything. The others took whiskey. The one who declined changed her mind just before retiring, and called to her father from the head of the stairs to bring up a glass of toddy when he came. I mention those two experiences—the lady of the house taking whiskey at dinner, and the bevy of ladies taking whiskey at night—because I never ran across their parallels in this country. The simple facts are, first, that drinking is more general over there, and second, that the human system either requires, or at least can stand, more stimulant in that climate than in this.

The servants are a distinct breed from ours. Their work is performed with cheerfulness, their manners are deferential, their ambition seems to be to keep the family good-will and their own places. I had many talks with men and women about our household service over here, and saw that they knew nothing of what we are experiencing. All hail to caste! A humbug and fraud in every other way, it yet does that much good, it permits servants to be contented, and therefore faithful in their places.

But I had some significant talks with servants who waited upon me at hotels. The girl at Laurence's, in Liverpool, who waits on table in the coffee-room was very anxious to hear about America. Her intended is here, but she was the only servant who spoke to me who was not anxious to come to America. It was *because* her lover is here that she did not want to emigrate. "I'll follow no man that lives," said she. "If I'm not worth fetching, I'm not worth having." But the number of servants, male and female, who managed before I left England to hint that they would like a chance to go to America, and who had "huncles" or "brothers" over here, made a considerable total. One pompous head waiter in London offered to be my valet across the water if I would pay his fare. When it fell out, even upon a chance visit to a friend in lodgings, with whom I took cold luncheon, that the "buttons" who carved the meat desired a "sitooation" in America, I began to feel if George Peabody realized the nature of the choice he had between offering to fit out emigrants to America or building model tenements to keep them at home, it is no wonder he chose the latter course. One more word about English servants. They call themselves so. "I'm only a servant," or, "I went out with another servant," are phrases I heard used as freely as some of ours put on their mistresses' clothing. And they talk about their "characters"—meaning letters of reference—quite in a way to recall old times at home.

If you want a peculiar sensation, find yourself suddenly arm in arm with an English lord without having ever thought how you would address one in such a case. A lord is no better in an American citizen's opinion than a piece of animated clay. He is whatever he proves himself to be—a gentleman, a pleasant fellow, a snob, a blackguard, or whatever. But an American citizen who values himself can never be at ease unless he knows the requirements of the situations in which he finds himself when abroad, and he would be a dullard who would not desire to acquit himself gracefully, whether with a servant or a king. I suddenly found myself arm in arm with a nobleman named Lord Harold Benwick, or so we will call him. He is a bright, witty fellow, has travelled all over the world, has fought tigers, chummed with cow-boys, climbed all the big mountains, lived in the Australian bush, walked across Mexico, bicycled, canoed, jockeyed—done everything a healthy young fellow with plenty of money and no business naturally would do. And now he is devoting himself to public life with such a vengeance that he told me he had not a day in the ensuing three months that did not bring an engagement with it for a meeting of members of Parliament, school boards, charitable societies, or what not. He is a character for fiction, and one that has not been hackneyed. All I can say of the impression he made upon me is that he was as interesting as any man I met, and his title was all that an American could find fault with about him. But when he took my arm there fled from my mind all that I ever knew about how a lord should be addressed, particularly a lord with a courtesy title like his. A noted American told me he was once in the same plight with the Prince of Wales. He'd be hanged if he would call him "Y'r Roy'l Highness," and so he called him "sir," which turned out to be exactly what every gentleman calls him, and what every waiter and servant calls every one else in England.

In my case I would as lief call my companion "your Lordship" as I would call Senator Hiscock "Senator." I would as lief call him "your Sacred Holiness," if that were the thing to do; for in America we probably have more men with titles than there are in any other country in the world, so that any American who thinks to glorify himself by refusing to call a nobleman by his title is inconsistent to the last degree. But what to call Lord Harold, or his Lordship, or Harold Benwick, or Mr. Benwick, or Lord Benwick, I did not know. I solved the problem like a Solomon. I did not call him anything. I behaved toward him as if I had not heard his name. It was at a little place on the Thames, and presently he took a boat with some ladies, and I took another boat with other ladies, and we set out for a turn up the river and back. There were crowds on the river in boats, and Lord Harold, losing sight of us, went toward the wrong side of an island.

"Call to him that he is going wrong," said one of the women in my boat.

"But what on earth shall I call him?" I asked.

"Don't call him 'Lord Harold,' whatever you do," she replied, "or everybody will look at him."

So I called out, "Hello, Benwick!" and he looked around, and all went well. But that, I knew, was too familiar, and what was correct I did not know. Since then, having no more concern about the matter, I have asked no one, so I cannot say yet with positiveness what an Englishman would have called out or called him. But at the time the thing was a bother, and if Americans are going over by the hundred thousand every year I recommend the nobility to wear tags, like the exhibits at a cattle-show, telling citizens of a democracy like me what they consider the proper way of addressing them.

DAY LILIES.

They grew, these lilies, in a tangled skein
Of truant woodbine and of grass half grown;
And when about the new-waked day was blown
In suddenwise a dash of blinding rain,
Three tall white lilies slipped them from their sheath.
Throughout the storm-swept day they stood ablow,
Sweet as if all the way were fair, and lo!
One standing by to whom the years bequeath
Naught of calm weather watched them from her place
Within the shadows. "Shall we know no rest?"
She questioned, as the day sank in the west.
As if in answer, for a moment's space,
One gleam of sunshine from the western deep
Covered the lilies ere they fell asleep.

L. E. T.

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA.

Wheeling is the largest city in West Virginia, one of the oldest towns in the Ohio Valley, and has long been the seat of important manufacturing interests. It stands at the mouth of Wheeling Creek, which comes down through the beautiful "bluffs" that form the western foot-hills of the Appalachian Mountains; and a space of flat lands along the Ohio affords a convenient site for factories and business streets, leaving the highlands for the residences of the citizens. The city has now some 35,000 inhabitants, and stretches, more or less compactly, for five miles along the brink of the Ohio. Although a fortified trading-post was built there in Revolutionary times, and a frontier settlement, which was the scene of many desperate adventures, gradually enlarged, the importance of Wheeling began with the completion of the old National Road, which reached the Ohio at this point. It thus became a natural distributing and trafficking point for all the region up and down the Ohio Valley accessible by boats, as well as by wagons, and to this day it retains a large business in freighting and steam-boating upon the Ohio and its connecting waterways.

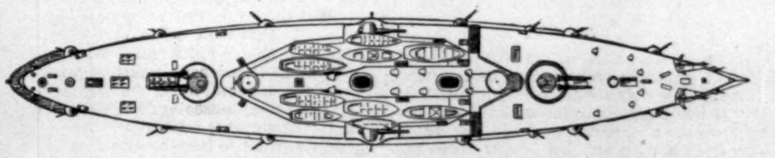
As the town grew the advantages which it enjoyed as a manufacturing point were perceived, and most of the productive industries which now distinguish the place were started at an early day. These advantages were cheap fuel and cheapness of transportation to market. In the early days all carriage of heavy articles, at least, was by boat, and nearly all the consumers lived along the rivers. When, later, railroads superseded to a great extent the river traffic, Wheeling was able to compete with Pittsburgh and other points of production, because the best of furnace coal could be mined only a few miles away by the cheapest methods of level tunnelling and shuting into cars, and because she had a variety of industries which helped one another. The chief of these industries is iron-making. Blast furnaces and rolling-mills are scattered along both sides of the Ohio, and produce vast quantities of bar and sheet iron, and of material for making cut nails, in the manufacture of which Wheeling takes the lead among American cities not only, but leads the world. The iron out of which these spikes and nails are made is manufactured on the spot, out of a mixture of Missouri and Lake Superior iron ores for the most part, and nearly the whole of it is consumed by factories on the spot. In addition to the nail-mills are extensive foundries, and boiler and machine works.

Next to making iron, the glass-works of Wheeling take rank for their importance to the community. As early as 1820 a small factory for making window-glass was set up, and it prospered so well as to attract other makers to the locality, who extended their product to include bottles, cylinders, and a great variety of household articles. The prices of coarse glass fell so rapidly that the Wheeling factories were soon devoted to making flint, and in a short time acquired a wide reputation. Now, in addition to window-glass, all sorts of fine table-ware, barkeepers' ware, lamps, and ornamental articles are turned out, which rival in quality of material and in excellence of design and finish anything else of its kind in the country. Thousands of workmen are employed, and the industry is constantly growing.

Tanning leather is another large and natural industry in Wheeling. The best of tanbark grows in the mountains which lie east and north of the city, and thousands of cords of it are consumed annually in making into harness and sole-leather the hides which are gathered from all parts of the country. The making of harness out of this leather gives employment to many workmen. Lumber-mills, woollen factories, brick-making, paper-mills, and many other industries might be mentioned among the lesser agencies in the prosperity of the town; and to all of them, as well as to the great iron and glass works, the introduction of natural gas has been an assistance and a comfort. This gas has been brought from the same field which supplies Pittsburgh, and Wheeling has enjoyed all the advantages of fuel, light, and increased household comfort and cleanliness concurrently with the former city.

Finally, in a sketch of the resources of this town, the manufacture of tobacco should not be forgotten. This has grown steadily, and now reaches very large proportions. During the fiscal year of 1889, according to the revenue report to the government, no less than 2,267,270 pounds of smoking tobacco and nearly 6000 pounds of plug were made there. This is an enormous increase since 1875, when the product was only 38,000 pounds. But, in addition to this, the factories of Wheeling sent out something more than half of the 47,000,000 cigars which constituted West Virginia's contribution to the world's supply. Nearly all of these were the famous "stogies"—long, slender cigars, about the size of a lead-pencil, which are made of what is called "Kentucky leaf" tobacco, and are coarse and strong, but inexpensive and genuine.

Wheeling is beautifully situated, its higher streets overlooking the river, up and down, for a long distance. Ranges of hills surround the town, exhibiting upon their slopes a pleasing diversity of cultivated and forested lands, and dotted with fine country residences. The schools of Wheeling were noted long ago among educators, and a free-school system was organized here long before West Virginia became a State, and before any general school system was in operation in the towns of old Virginia. There are also several excellent private academies for both sexes. Under this influence, and fostered by the wealth and assured position of the old families of the locality, a cultivated and interesting social tone dominates the city, and a long list might be made of men of eminence whose early if not their life-long homes were in this pleasant city.



DECK PLAN OF ARMORED CRUISER NO. 2.

NEW MEN-OF-WAR.

On the 10th inst. bids were opened at the Navy Department for the construction of three more vessels to be added to our navy register. These three are the last, with two exceptions, for which Congress has made any appropriation to date. The two exceptions are the ram and the submerging monitor, and in the case of each of these there are certain difficulties of construction to be overcome before they can even be offered for contract. So that the three ships referred to—the 5500-ton protected cruiser, the 8100-ton armored cruiser, and the practice ship for the Naval Academy—virtually complete the list of vessels to be added to our naval force until the next naval appropriation bill becomes a law.

The practice ship is a small vessel, intended, however, to have all the improvements developed by modern naval science, and to be used by the cadets at the Naval Academy instead of the old *Wyoming*, which has for so many years been their sole reliance. The lowest of the two bidders for the construction of this ship was the firm of A. F. Wheeler & Co., of Bay City, Michigan, so that it is probable that this vessel's keel will first touch *fresh* water, and come around by the canals to its permanent home at Annapolis.

For the construction of the 5500-ton cruiser there was but a single bidder, the Union Iron-Works, of San Francisco. A picture of this powerful man-of-war, with a full description, has already been given in the Weekly.

The armored cruiser of 8100 tons—a sketch of which accompanies this article—is the most powerful and the largest vessel yet authorized to be built for our navy, and will be the largest vessel of any kind ever built in this country. To her planning and development Secretary Tracy has given especial personal attention and careful study, and it is believed that she will prove to be the finest vessel of her class afloat. The department gave bidders an opportunity to bid on the plans prepared by Chief Constructor Wilson, carrying out the Secretary's ideas, and which are the ones illustrated this week, and also on their own plans, drawn in accordance with a general circular issued to ship-builders. To give our readers an idea of the expense of preparing such plans, it is said that one firm spent $7000 in preparing their specifications and designs. The Union Iron-Works of San Francisco were the lowest bidders ($3,100,000) on the department plans, and W. H. Cramp & Sons ($2,985,000) were the lowest on their own plans. A third firm, Risdon & Sons, from the Pacific coast also, put in a bid of $3,450,000.

One feature of this great ship that is different from any other is the reintroduction of the quarter galleries which used to be so prominent in the old frigates and ships of the line. Armored cruiser No. 2—the *Maine* being No. 1—is to have a length on main water-line of 350 feet; breadth, 64 feet; and draught, 24 feet. Her battery is to be six 8-inch breech-loading rifles of 35 calibres, twelve 4-inch rapid-fire guns, four 6-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 3-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 1-pounder rapid-fire guns, four 37-millimetre revolver cannon, four rifle calibre machine-guns, six launching tubes for torpedoes. She will require 460 officers and men, must show a minimum rate of speed for four hours of 20 knots, and have a total coal capacity of 1150 tons. The barbette turrets to the forward and aft 8-inch guns will have a thickness of 10 inches, with shields of 7 inches, and the shields protecting the 4-inch guns will be 4 inches thick. The conning tower is to be at least 7½ inches. Six boilers; twin screws; engines triple expansion, four in number, two on each shaft, and in two compartments. The hull is to be of steel, not sheathed, with double bottom. Two military masts with fighting tops, to carry no sail. She is to be fitted as a flag-ship, with admiral's quarters, etc.

Protection of the hull is to be afforded by means of a steel deck, worked from stem to stern, and supported by heavy beams. The edges of this deck amidship are to be 5 feet below the water-line at the centre of the vessel. On the slopes of the deck, over machinery and boilers, the armor is to be 6 inches thick; on the horizontal portions it is to be 3 inches thick; forward and abaft the machinery and boilers, to stem and stern, the deck is to be at the thinnest part at least 2¼ inches in thickness. Below its protection are to be placed all that is ordinarily styled "the vitals of a war ship." Protection of the hull against injury to the water-line region is to be afforded by means of an armor belt 5 inches in thickness, extending the entire length of the machinery space. Within this armor belt and skin plating, and above the armor deck, a belt about 3 feet 6 inches wide of woodite (or other water-excluding material) is to extend the whole length of the vessel in depth, from the armor deck to the berth deck.

FARMING.

II.

It is not always the easiest matter to decide how to go about a thing after you have made up your mind to do it. Every one knows where to go for the best Spanish olives, or the finest hats; but no one that dispenses farms seems to have a better reputation for reliability than any one else. The papers are generally supplied with the cards of people who would like to sell first-class farms on terms to suit the purchaser, but they are apt to be misleading as regards fidelity to facts. The purling crystal stream that meanders over beds of golden gravel, upon inspection, turns out to be too shallow for ducks, and to furnish a cress which generates typhoid fever. The fine out-buildings seem to retain their standing attitude by the merest chance, and to satisfy the beholder that cattle should be kept outside of them for fear of their falling on them. The sumptuous farm-house itself is usually a rambling structure, heated by stoves, if the stoves are sufficiently powerful. Aside from these facts I knew nothing of farming.

At the suggestion of Phillada I went at once to a news stand and purchased a morning paper.

"We had better go about it at once," she said; "for fear of changing our minds."

"I cannot stay here," I replied, solemnly, "when the doctor says I should go to the country. It is a duty I owe to you and Philip."

"There is another thing," she went on, "and that is this, we must give the place a name, no matter what kind of place it is. I propose we call it Dove's Nest, or Barberry Bower."

"Very pretty names," I replied, "if either should embrace the character of the place. But suppose they should not?"

"It will make no difference. It will look nice on the note-paper, and will inspire our city friends with an idea of our good-fortune. As long as they don't see the place, and it is not likely that they can ever be

coaxed out, it will strike them as being lovely."

"But suppose they should come out some time when it is too hot to stay in the city—then what?"

"Then we can tell them that the name was bestowed ironically, for the sake of a joke, and to ridicule the idea of naming places at all."

And this is how we came to name our place Dove's Nest.

By this time the paper was spread out on the table, and we began to examine the advertisements. There were all kinds of farms, on the easiest possible terms. A sheep farm I did not care for, on the ground that neither of us was partial to mutton. A dairy farm did not strike me favorably, as I was already too round-shouldered from bending over a my writing to warrant me in churning.

"Here is just what we want."

"What is it?" I asked, delightedly.

"It is a farm that the owner would be willing to exchange for city property. When a farmer wants to do that, you may rest assured that he is very anxious to be rid of his farm."

"Doubtless you are right," I exclaimed; "but I have no city property to offer."

"That has nothing to do with it," she replied, tapping the floor lightly with her slipper. "I think the best thing for you to do is to go out and look at the place."

On the following morning I purchased an excursion ticket for Cranberry Corners, the nearest station to Dove's Nest. I enjoyed the ride very much, as it took me through a farming country. At every station I noticed there were nothing but farmers standing around, looking at nothing in particular, and seeming to be fairly stupid from content and lack of care. This, I concluded, was a proof of the farmer's independence, which before I was unable to appreciate. If he can work a farm, and still spend half his time at the

railroad station, and retire for the night at 8 P.M., he, indeed, enjoys an ideal existence. I was disturbed in these optimistic visions of a bucolic existence by two men who boarded the train at Bulrush Centre, and took a seat just behind me.

"I tell you," said the first man, "if you ever settle out here, you want to keep away from Swellmore. If the local dealers once get a mortgage on you, you're gone."

"Didn't you live in Swellmore at one time?" asked the second man.

"Yes; for seven years."

"Why did you stay so long?"

"I staid two years because I liked it, and five because I couldn't get out."

This shattered my popular metropolitan belief that it only costs five hundred dollars per annum to live in the country.

"Did you hear about old Bill Freeman's bad luck last spring?" asked the first man.

"No. What happened to him?"

"Why, all his ducks and geese were swept away in a freshet—never recovered one of them."

I made a memorandum in my mind never to keep ducks unless upon a hill-top. I would enclose them in an ordinary chicken run, and allow them to swim in a trough, which I would fill every morning by means of a garden hose. This would keep the ducks within easy reach, and prevent their straying playfully away to lay eggs on the adjoining farm.

I might have learned more from the men sitting behind me, but just then the conductor shouted, "Cran-berry Cor-ners!"

I stepped off the train and over to the only store in the place in quest of information.

"Can you direct me to Dove's Nest?" I inquired of the neck-whiskered proprietor, in my jubilation forgetting that he would not know the place by the name Phillada had selected for it.

"The which?" he inquired.

"W. L. Stoker's farm, I mean."

He led me to the door, and said: "You want to go down that road a mile and a half, until you come to a big oak; then turn to your left and walk down the turnpike two miles, and you will see a little white house. That's where Lem Sikes lives. Lem will tell you where Bill Stoker's is."

"If I could find a conveyance," I said.

This suggested an important business mission.

"One o' them lawyer chaps a-comin' up to foreclose on Bill?" he asked, as he stroked his whiskers in deep meditation.

"Oh no! I want to look at his place."

"One o' the finest farms around these parts." Then he paused for a moment, as though there was nothing more to be said on the subject. "I'm goin' down that way pretty soon to deliver some goods, and you can hop on," he continued.

In a short time we were on the way to Dove's Nest. The grocer was so anxious to know just what I was going to do that he was too full for utterance. He was even so kind as to drive me the whole of the distance, and to introduce me to Mr. Stoker.

Mr. Stoker was picturesque in blue overalls and one suspender. Although he wanted to part with his farm, it was not because he was dissatisfied with it. He had recently purchased a windmill from an Illinois concern, and had done so much in the way of praising it that others about the place followed his advice and bought one. This so pleased the Illinois concern that it offered him a good commission to travel in its

interest. This, of course, satisfied me that I could make my own terms.

"Suppose I rent the farm just as it stands, stock and all, for a year, with a view of purchasing or giving up at the end of that time? That will be long enough for me to ascertain if I like farming, and for you to learn whether or not you are endowed with the drumming gift."

He ran his fingers through his iron gray hair and filled the air with bran. Then he said, "I'll take your offer."

We walked over the place, and he explained everything. The windmill I liked very much, because it gave the place a Dutch effect. The pigeons were circling in the sun about the walnuts, and the white ducks were floating listlessly on the silent pools in chaste armadas.

"How soon can I take possession?" I asked, in an outburst of heart-felt enthusiasm.

"Next Monday," he replied.

I then borrowed a pot of black paint from him, and on a large stone at the gateway painted "Dove's Nest," as a surprise for Phillada.

That night we sat up in the flat until after midnight, talking the matter over, and on the following Monday our effects rolled gracefully from the flat, the movers, with their usual contempt for care and the elements, having packed the tin and china-ware on the bottom of the truck, and the plush-covered furniture and mattresses on top.

Phillada tripped lightly on, holding Philip

by the hand, wishing, as I afterward told her, to impress the public with the idea that she was not even personally acquainted with poor me, who trudged on behind, holding in my left hand a cage containing a petulant parrot, and in my right a basket about two sizes too small for the tomcat within.

R. K. Munkittrick.

Note.—The first article of this series was published in No. 1746 of Harper's Weekly.

WHERE SUMMER BIDES.

Down through the mountain's silver haze,
Down through the song-thrilled wooded ways,
And 'midst the meadow's drenched grass,
The feet of Summer swiftly pass.
"Stay! stay!" the yearning mountains cry.
"Stay! stay!" the drowsy grasses sigh.
But on and on the sweet guest flies,
With wind-blown hair and wide still eyes.
On, on, until her eager feet
Abide amidst the yellow wheat.

Lucy E. Tilley.

WHEREVER MALARIA EXISTS,
The bilious are its certain prey. In intermittent and remittent fever, dumb ague and ague cake, the liver is always seriously affected, and the blood contaminated with bile. One of the chief reasons why Hostetter's Stomach Bitters is such a sure defence against chills and fever and every form of malarial disease is, that it does away with liability to the disease, by reforming irregularity of the biliary organ in advance of the arrival of the season when the disease is prevalent. There is no finer fortifying preparative for those about visiting or emigrating to a locality where the miasma taint exists. There is no certain immunity from disease in an endemic or epidemic form to be secured by the use of the average tonics and antispasmodics. But where quinine fails the Bitters succeeds both in preventing and curing. Moreover, it removes every vestige of dyspepsia, and overcomes constipation, rheumatism, inactivity of the kidneys and bladder, and tranquillizes and strengthens the nervous system.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP
has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

When baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

Sufferers from sleeplessness, kidney or bladder trouble, or any chronic malady, should address Dr. J. Charles, Richmond, Ind., who will mail to you an illustrated book *free* that will be worth its weight in gold.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,
"THE GREAT PAIN RELIEVER," cures Cramps, colic, colds; all pains. 25 cts. a bottle.-[*Adv.*]

The demand for Nicholson's Liquid Bread is unprecedented. Orders from all parts of the country show its increasing popularity. Try it. Ask your grocer or druggist for it.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Cocoaine is the best and cheapest Hair Dressing in the world.—[*Adv.*]

If you suffer from looseness of bowels, or fever and ague, Angostura Bitters will cure you.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.
Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

USE BROWN'S CAMPHORATED SAPONACEOUS DENTIFRICE for the TEETH. DELICIOUS. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

Burnett's Flavoring Extracts are the best, the strongest, and most healthful.—[*Adv.*]

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ADVERTISING RATES:

Front Cover Page, per line, each insertion	$1 75
Back Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 50
Second Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 25
Third Cover Page, per line, each insertion	1 00
Special Reading Notices, per line, each insertion	2 00

Closes Thursday at 9 A.M.

Discount—on 6 insertions, within one year, of the same space	10%
" " 13 insertions, within one year, of the same space	15%
" " 26 insertions, within one year, of the same space	20%
" " 52 insertions, within one year, of the same space	25%
" " *250 lines, 10%.—500 lines, 15%.—750 lines, 20%.—1000 lines, 25%.*	

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.